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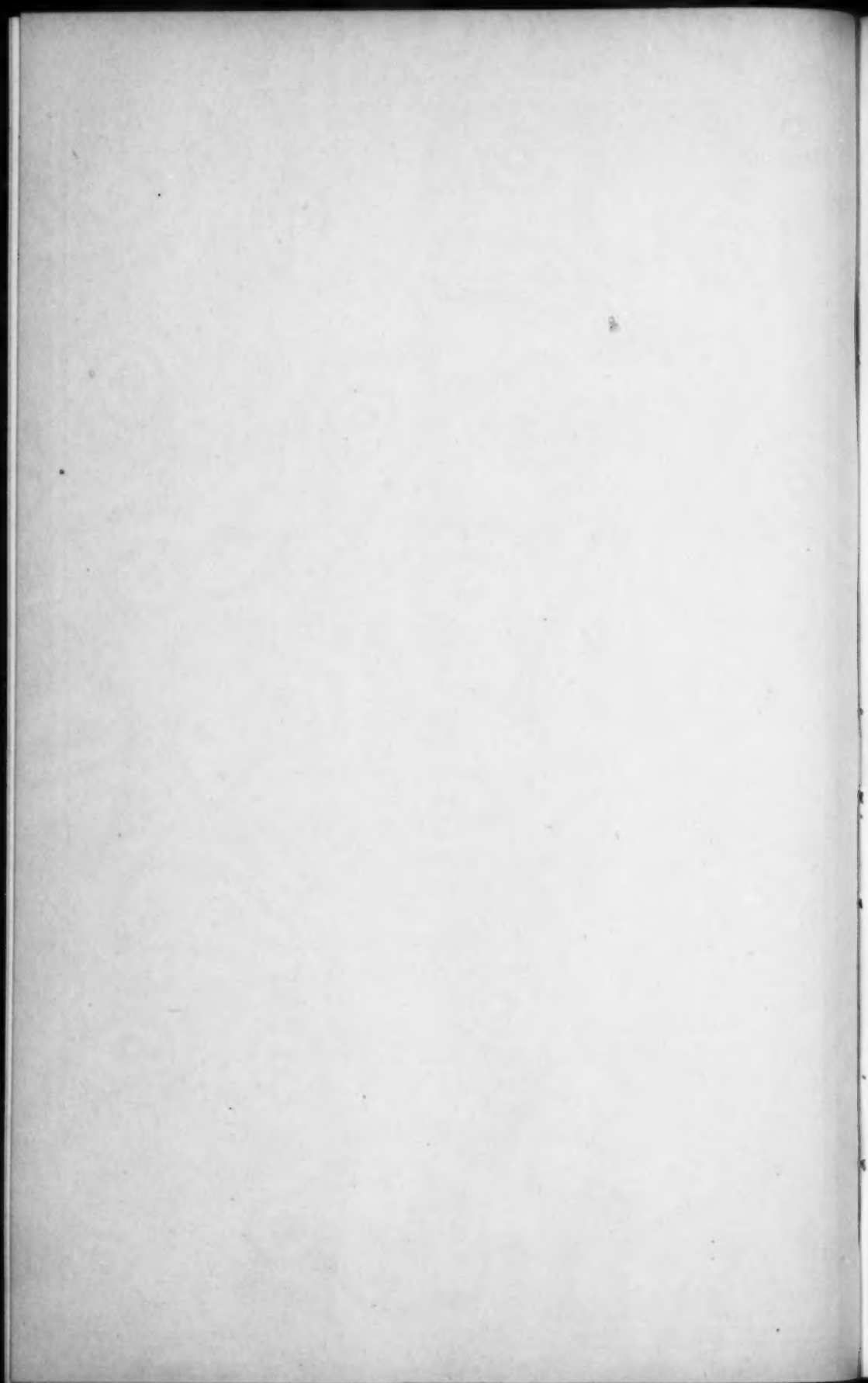


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MARYLAND

HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1918.

No. 4.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES IN 1833, AS SEEN BY A NEW ENGLANDER.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF A TOUR TAKEN BY

HENRY BARNARD,

Principal of St. John's College, Annapolis (1866-1867)

EDITED BY BERNARD C. STEINER.

(Continued from Vol. XIII, p. 294.)

Monday evening [January 28]

Yesterday I attended services at the capitol—heard the catholic chaplain, who is a very showy, but hollow preacher—accompanied Mr. Stewart⁶¹ & Cook to Mr. C—to dinner—It was a very splendid one—We had Virginian ham—turkey—roast beef—oyster sauce, potatoes—etc.—pies—puddings—apples—Almonds—raisins—figs—and—wine, and beautiful *girls*. We were two hours at the table—spent the evening at Mrs. L[ee's] or rather accompanied some ladies from there to Church—

Today I went over to Georgetown, expecting to return in time for the debate in the Senate—but did not—went to the Nunery in company with the Misses W—s—. They procured letters to

⁶¹ Andrew Stewart of Pennsylvania.

the Abbess, whose history is very romantic. She became very intimately acquainted with a Mr. S., and they engaged to meet three years from a certain day and if they were of the same mind then they were to marry—She was true to her word, but he took it all in jest, and forgot it, till he was reminded of the fact that she in chagrin had bid adieu to the world for ever and retired to a Nunery—She is very much beloved and has charge of the Academy in which more than 100 girls are educated—We were taken over the whole establishment even into the kitchen, and the ladies are taught even to cook and make all kinds of confection—talked through the grates with a Nun—she looked as though she would like to get out very much—took dinner at Mrs. W—it was a very plain but excellent dinner—

On returning found the Senate had begun on the Nullification debate—after an attempt to postpone the consideration of the subject in which Mr. Calhoun, Webster,⁶² etc., took part—each avowing himself ready to go into the debate—the debate was opened by Mr. Wilkins⁶³ who went into an explanation of the Bill, reported by him as Chairman—Mr. Burgess finished his speech in the House and was followed by Young,⁶⁴—whom I heard for about an hour. . . .

I have a grand time here, much better than I even expected—It will be of great value to me—It has been already— . . . We have most delightful weather I cant describe it—you dont need an overcoat—it is like April weather—it is uncommonly mild even for this place—The debates hereafter in the Senate will be very much crowded—there will be no getting seats, or standing—I go to a large party tonight at Seatons.⁶⁵

⁶² Congressional Debates 237.

⁶³ William Wilkins of Pennsylvania (1779-1865) (Congressional Debates 242) Democrat, Senator 1831-34, Minister to Russia 1834-35, Representative 1843-44, Secretary of War 1844-45.

⁶⁴ Ebenezer Young of Connecticut (Congressional Debates 1414).

⁶⁵ William W. Seaton. See life published in 1871 (1765-1866), Member of the firm of Gales & Seaton, publishers of the "National Intelligence."

Friday Evening [February 1]

My Dear B—

If I remember right I broke off my last communication just as I was going to Seatons party—on Monday Evening. I went was ushered into the front room, where the Mr., Mrs., and the Miss, Seatons were ready to receive you—you pass the compliments of introduction and if you can sustain the shock, you chat a little with the Madam and her daughters and then join the dance, which is going on in the adjoining room, or the conversation parties or little knots in the room which opens from the aforesaid by folding doors—the dance is kept up by some of the parties till 11 or 12 or 1 and always terminates with waltzing—a very graceful but voluptuous dance, in which a lovely figure is displayed to the best advantage—through the whole evening servants are constantly passing wine—lemonade—punches—ice creams—cakes of several kinds, jellies—and to end the whole a supper is spread upstairs—and I should add that in some of the rooms, card tables for amusement are to be found—to these set parties, from 150 to 300 are present, comprising all the great men and lovely women of the city.

You meet at each party pretty much the same faces—a little varied. Since then I have been at several large parties, but I do not admire them much. It is rather a bore—

The debate in the Senate has not got very warm yet—Wilkins⁶⁶ spoke two days, but not very ably and was followed by Bibb⁶⁷ in a speech extending through 3 days and a dry, hard, metaphysical speech it was too—he has been followed today by Frelinghuysen⁶⁸ in a very able speech, which he has but commenced—

Calhoun will reply to him—I have subscribed to the *Intelligencer* for a month which I expect you to pay in part for—I will forward them to you every day, I shall go back to the first

⁶⁶ Congressional Debates 253.

⁶⁷ Congressional Debates 264.

⁶⁸ Theodore Frelinghuysen of New Jersey (1787-1862) (Congressional Debates 312), Whig, Senator 1829-35, President of Rutgers College 1850-1862.

debates on this subject—They will all be reported as they come out immediately—

Webster will follow Calhoun—he says he will tear Nullification to tatters—The collision between two such minds will be tremendous, but come it will and must, though Calhoun does not seem to be in so much hurry to come out since he gave the challenge to Webster. Webster is in great repute with the President just now— . . .

I have received an invitation from Brooks the correspondent of the Portland Advertiser and whose letters you have undoubtedly read—to accompany him on a tour of a month or two to the South—it may be even to N. Orleans—I hate to miss this fine opportunity—I am now a great way advanced on such a tour, and can perform it with advantage of letters etc.—to much better advantage than I ever can again—I can have letters to any place—and you know very well what advantage that is to me. . . .

Washington City Friday Feb. 1st

. . . There is one truth which I learned pretty soon, that the majority of both Houses of Congress are no way remarkable for talent or industry—far from it—they would not take a leading part in our ordinary State Legislature. They owe their situations here to the accidents of party. R. M. Johnson ⁶⁹ of Ky. is a fool, a good natured fool, and yet he makes no little noise abroad—however that is not to be wondered at, Andrew Jackson is President, and Johnson is the fittest man to succeed him—*Who* is to be his successor is a matter of extreme uncertainty—The Jackson party as a party has no existence—it has gone to pieces now that the purpose of the election is over and the orthodox views of the proclamation are abroad.—

The Object of the Nullifiers is to put off the debate, or rather protract it, till they can get the result of the Minister Plenipotentiary from Virginia ⁷⁰ visit—It is expected that S. Carolina

⁶⁹ Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky (1781-1850) Senator 1819-29, Representative 1829-37, Vice-President 1837-41.

⁷⁰ "Minister from Virginia" is a reference to Benjamin Watkins Leigh

will put off her ordinance till next congress as the authorities will assure the Virginian Minister that she will not push things to extremities for the present—Another object is to get a modified Tariff through and in that way render it necessary to call another convention to pass another ordinance—for you will notice, that ordinance aims only at *acts*, not at *principles*, although the other proceedings are for exterminating the latter—This is now understood as a loophole to break through.

This morning Mr. Calhoun attempted to build up a new edifice out of the ruin of his showy but frail structure—

February 6th [Friday]

Called on Gen. Thomas⁷¹—enquired the route to N. Orleans—he said that if protection should be destroyed, there w'd a tremendous cracking among the sugar planters—those however who could weather the storm would be gainers by it, as the price of sugar would immediately rise—

. . . The debate in the Senate grows more and more interesting, yet I will confess I do not take as much interest in the present speaking as I should if I knew that Calhoun and Webster were not to appear—their expected efforts cast a shadow before them that darkens even the brilliant speeches of the Senators—Holmes⁷² spoke very ably yesterday and so did Tyler⁷³ today—You will recollect that there formerly existed a firm here, known as James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes and the Devil. Holmes said a few winters ago that the partnership was dissolved, and that it was Andrew Jackson—Felix Grundy—and the Devil. Tyler said today the old firm was restored. No, no, said Holmes, the devil has gone over to the Nullifiers, although he seems to be a sleeping partner, but it made no odds, as Nullifiers were doing his work well. Clayton

(1781-1849) sent as commissioner to South Carolina in 1833. (See Ames, *State Documents on Federal Relations*, No. 4, p. 53.)

⁷¹Gen. Philemon Thomas (1763-1847), Representative from Louisiana (1831-35).

⁷²Congressional Debates 348.

⁷³Congressional Debates 360.

will speak tomorrow and an able speech he will make too—the best probably that has yet been made—he will be followed it is supposed by Mangum—Grundy, and then possibly Calhoun and Webster—Webster it is understood has made great preparation. Calhoun it is feared will not do himself justice, he will strain to do so much—he knows he has a giant to follow him and he does not like to fall into such hands—Clay will not speak on the Bill probably.

The Tariff lingers in Committee yet—The House will probably act on it during the week, and you need not be surprised, if in the Senate, a compromise should be effected between the friends and opponents of the Tariff.

Tomorrow night I am told, the president gives a levee, which of course I shall attend.

The weather here is delightful—We have not had but *one flake* of snow this winter. It is springlike most of the time—I dread coming back to get the spirit of the winter, and I hope before this reaches you, yours will reach me, giving me a favorable answer as to my southern expedition. . . .

Friday Feb. 8th.

My dear Brother—

Last evening the president had what is called a drawingroom or levee. You understand the arrangements of the White House. Company begins to throng in about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 or perhaps a little early. You are ushered into a large ante room, where you unrobe yourself and then advance into the receiving Hall a round room of considerable size, hung round with rich curtains. Near the center of this stands the President, and shakes hands with all as they are introduced to him by his friends.

He looks much more firm than I expected to find him. His hair is grey but very thick and stands up erect on his head—He was dressed in a plain suit of black and there was nothing about him to distinguish him from an ordinary old gentleman. He wears glasses and shook his particular friends with both hands.

Blair ⁷⁴ and Hill ⁷⁵ and other worthies of that stamp were moving about this room. After this presentation, the company shifts for themselves—They move off gradually into the East room which you know is splendidly furnished—The four mirrors, two at each end of the room, are the largest in this country. They would cover our room—The rich crimson, golden, and sky blue hangings of the windows produce a grand effect, and the broad strip of cornice round the top of the walls is exquisitely wrought—The sides of the room are lined with rich mahogany cushioned chairs and sofas. In this room *in the course of the evening* were assembled more than 2000 people, and at any point of time I presume there was more than 5 or 600. The company sweep round arm in arm all the evening—In the first half hour, I took my station with two or three friends at one corner, and surveyed the army of beauty and fashion, and talent and ugliness, and shabbiness and dullness as it poured by in a living current. After that I moved round myself in the stream, of the dozen counter currents and eddies that set up, and swept in from four different directions. At one time with a Virginian, at another with a Marylander and still another, with an Ohio *beauty* on my arm. Think of that.

The old president is extremely penurious—he did not furnish the company with coffee, or wine, or music—nothing but his own hard dry features. He says he is not going to be beggared by *cheerity*.

The company, and it was an odd assemblage from every section of this country, dispersed about 11.

Yesterday we had a capital speech from Clayton ⁷⁶ of Del., you will find in it a conclusive and irrefutable argument against the main position of Calhoun[']s letters which I recollect struck you

⁷⁴ Frank P. Blair (1791-1876) then editor of the *Globe*, the official Jackson organ.

⁷⁵ Isaac Hill (1788-1851) at that time United States Senator from New Hampshire.

⁷⁶ John M. Clayton (1796-1856) (Congressional Debates 378) Whig, Senator from Delaware 1829-1836, 1845-49, 1853-56, Chief Justice of Delaware 1837-39, Secretary of State 1849-50.

forcibly at the time—viz that the convention never intended to make the Gen. Gov., in its Judiciary Branch, a judge of the usurpation of powers on the part of the States.

The report in the *Intelligencer* of this morning is pretty full and accurate—but I shall purchase most of their speeches when they are corrected and printed in a pamphlet form. The debate will come to a close next week in the Senate.

The Tariff Bill passed out of Committee yesterday—If the opponents of the Bill are strong enough it will be strangled in the course of this week—If they are not you may expect that it will hum along for a week.

The report that Webster may be appointed Chief Justice is ridiculous—*Two* Judges never will come from one State.

There has been a very interesting discussion in House between Adams—Patton and Drayton⁷⁷ and two . . .—Adams made a grand speech against legislating on the Tariff this session, and against Nullification.

McDuffie, the letter writers have said, don't take any interest in the discussion—it is not so, he does take a great interest—the reason why he and the other Nullifiers don't act and speak is that their anti Tariff friends won't let them, lest it should prejudice the passage of this Bill.

Webster⁷⁸ made a short speech, which cut every way—He told the former administration men, that the hard names which they have given this Bill of the Judiciary, should have thrown upon the "Old Roman" the man of his choice. He thought

⁷⁷ William Drayton (1776-1846) of South Carolina (Congressional Debates 1609, 1654), Union Democrat, Representative 1825-33. John M. Patton of Virginia (1796-1858) Representative 1831-39. John Quincy Adams (1767-1848) after retiring from presidency was representative from Massachusetts (1831-1848).

⁷⁸ Congressional Debates 409. Of Webster's oratory, Barnard elsewhere wrote this: "There is something terrific in this part of his display—after, by repeated and repeated blows, he has demolished the arguments of his opponents he would take the fragments of the boasted arguments and point to the fragments, drawing down his dark eyebrows until they hang like a fringe over his flashing eyes, and give a dash of deep scorn to the curl of his lips, and throwing the very soul of contempt into his voice, he pounces down upon his victim, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul."

the parties would soon come to an understanding with each other. His remarks will be published in tomorrow's papers—Dallas ⁷⁹ has made a pretty good speech today— . . .

Monday Evening Feb. 11th.

My dear B—

Yours of the 6th came to hand yesterday. We are all afloat here just now on the subject of the Tariff—proposition after proposition are passing about for the acceptance of all parties. Clay is besieged with letters from every part of the South, and by manufacturers of the North to step in and offer some Bill of Compromise. He gave notice today in the Senate, that tomorrow morning he would present a Bill which he hoped would satisfy all parties ⁸⁰—Those who vote for it are to pledge themselves as far as public declarations will go, not to agitate the subject again, till the expiration of 8 years—I have been made acquainted with some of the provisions of the Bill, but you will get the whole measure and his remarks by tomorrow's papers.

The Southerners want to get S. Carolina out of her scrape at any hazard. Verplank Bill is dead, though nothing has been done finally with it—It was not called upon Saturday or today.

Millar of S. Carolina ⁸¹ spoke four hours today—in his odd, strong sort of way—It was a pretty able defense of S. Carolina in the course of legislation she had pursued. Wilkins ⁸² proposed several amendments, which do away with many of the objections, without impairing the energy of the original Bill. . .

Tuesday—Feb. 12.

Clay made a grand speech this morning—I never witnessed such a tremendous effect produced from any quarter—Things to be seen and enquired into—the actual condition of slavery—

⁷⁹ George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania (1792-1864) (Congressional Debates 414) Senator 1831-33, Minister to Russia 1837-39, Minister to Great Britain 1856-61, Vice-President 1845-49.

⁸⁰ Congressional Debates 432.

⁸¹ Congressional Debates 433.

⁸² Congressional Debates 460.

the management of a plantation—the culture of rice—cotton and tobacco—the time of planting—etc. etc. . . .

Thursday Afternoon [February 14]

My Dear B.

This has been the most interesting week I have yet spent in Washington—Everything is afloat and the future is pregnant with great events—Clay's ⁸³ Speech you saw in the paper of yesterday—It produced a tremendous impression and the resolutions of Webster ⁸⁴ running counter to Clay's, and yet not embracing a principle to which Clay will not subscribe, have taken away any credit which Van Buren might have gained by assuming the position which either W. or C. have taken. His partizans are in agony, and out of this new state of things, an efficient and yet permanent Tariff may be passed, but I doubt if it will be done this Session.

I have just come from the Senate—The expectation that Webster was to enter into an explanation of his resolutions, crowded the Senate Chamber at an early hour—but he postponed his remarks in order that the discussion of the pending judiciary Bill might proceed—Mr. Rives ⁸⁵ accordingly took the floor and delivered the ablest speech which has yet been made on the subject of Nullification. It broke into fragments the corner stone of Calhoun resolutions and the doctrine of Nullification, viz, that there is no sovereignty except in the *State*—the *people* of the State as *distinct communities*. He reputed the positions which had been taken by Bibb—Tyler etc., etc., and pushed Calhoun so hard by showing the inconsistency and absurdity of his views on this subject, that Calhoun will undoubtedly follow him—The Senate took a recess till 5—if there *should not* be a large audience assembled, as there undoubtedly *will be*, Calhoun will not address the Senate till tomorrow.

⁸³ Congressional Debates 462.

⁸⁴ Congressional Debates 483. Introduced on Wednesday, February 13.

⁸⁵ Wm. Cabell Rives (1793-1868) Senator from Virginia (Congressional Debates 492).

This will undoubtedly bring out Webster. The next 5 or 6 days will be worth a month stay here. You can have no idea of the excitement which prevails here at this time. . . .

The house has been trying to elect a printer—but after a number of ballotings had not succeeded when the Senate adjourned at 3 o'clock and they were still at it.⁸⁶

The Senate will probably agree on a Tariff Bill, somewhat similar to Clay's proposition but the House will not.

Friday Evening [February 15.]

My Dear B—

Calhoun⁸⁷ commenced this morning—The Senate chamber, (although it has been most stormy day we have had this winter—it being the only *snow* storm we have had) was crowded to overflowing at an early hour. C. commenced under deep agitation—he rushed directly into the subject—denouncing the Bill, and the manner in which it was pressed in very strong terms, attempted to exculpate himself from the charge of inconsistency—etc, etc.—but you will see a report of his speech in the *Intelligencer* of tomorrow—He spoke about an hour and a half, and gave away on account of a sudden dizziness in his head and failure of voice—he will resume his argument tomorrow morning and will be followed by Webster or Forsyth as both took notes—Calhoun had rather be under the nether mill stone than under Webster's eloquence.

Calhoun is a powerful speaker but he did not equal public expectation—indeed, he did not appear to as much advantage as in his two former speeches. He must go below Clay & Webster.

The House made choice of Gales & Seaton as printers—It was a sore defeat to the administration. You can conceive of their disappointment. From the result of the vote yesterday Blair expected confidently that he would be elected today—but he and his friends went away chopfallen.

⁸⁶ Congressional Debates 491, 1725.

⁸⁷ Congressional Debates 519.

The select committee will report a Bill, nearly similar to the one Clay proposed.

There is no doubt here but what S. Carolina will recede from her position *for the present*—but Calhoun declared most solemnly today that the present Judiciary Bill *shall not* be enforced in her limits. . . .

Saturday Feb. 16, 1½ past eight.

My dear Brother—

I write only to say that the battle has been fought and won—Calhoun continued about 2 hours this morning—the moment he had concluded Webster⁸⁸ caught the last words of his speech, and pronounced it in a way that thrilled like electricity through the whole House—he spoke about 2 hours—the Senate took a recess till 5—and he then resumed and spoke 3 hours longer.

Upon the whole it was the most overwhelming argument I ever heard or expect to hear—It will go down with the constitution, as true exposition of its meaning and principles. He ground the whole argument of Calhoun to powder—It will really require a microscope to discover the atoms. Calhoun will continue the debate—but he might as well bow himself on one of the pillars of the capitol and attempt to pull it—pull it down—he can't do—

The closing remarks were splendid, and drew forth an involuntary burst of applause, although it had been positively announced that in the case of any disturbance the galleries would be cleared immediately—

He made the blood thrill by his tremendous call on the people to come up to the rescue—

There will be some skirmishing on Monday—It may be that Calhoun will make a long speech—he took copious notes, but looked horrible during Webster's speaking—

⁸⁸ Congressional Debates 553.

Washington City, Feb. 18th, 1833.

Dr. Todd

My Dear Sir:—

Nunc Dimittis etc from this center of political excitement, but I would tramp here on foot in winter to witness again such splendid exhibitions of the human intellect as I have had even the unexpected pleasure of witnessing during the past week. Knowing your high admiration of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun as men of uncommon talents, I cannot wish you a loftier enjoyment than to have been present with me in the Senate Chamber during the speeches of these men, to say nothing of the eloquent and profound argument of Mr. Rives of Va.

You have seen (and I doubt not are surprised at) the propositions upon which Mr. Clay addressed the Senate on Tuesday last. I knew several days previous that he would bring forward some plan of compromise—He has been literally besieged during the whole session by letters from the most distinguished and influential men of the South and West, and by manufacturers from the North in person, to step forward and secure something like certain and permanent protection to the domestic industry of the country, and at the same time, quiet the agitation of the South. Besides the South, beginning to sympathize with Calhoun as a persecuted man, are anxious to get him out of his position with something like honor, and what is more the friends of both are anxious to save the country from the intrigues of VanBuren, and to do that will rally upon Clay in the next contest. You may regard the last suggestion as my own inference.

But I fear he has gone too far—he spoke entirely too lightly of Nullification. As Mr. Webster remarked most bitterly in the opening of his great speech on Saturday, that Calhoun “was like a strong man in a morass, his efforts to extricate himself only sank him deeper and deeper,” and he feared no friend could come to his rescue, without plunging himself into this “Serbonian bog.” But I did not intend to say even this much about it. The speech made a tremendous sensation—You cannot imagine the excitement which prevailed here when the details

of the Bill were known. The project is an admirable one except the provision about the uniform ad valorem duty at the end of 8 years. In proposing this Mr. Clay protests against his surrendering up the principle of protection. Mr. Webster dissents from the Bill as it stands—his resolutions you have seen ere this in the papers. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster have thus taken away all credit from VanBuren, however the matter may terminate.

Mr. Rives of Va. addressed the Senate on Tuesday in a speech of nearly 4 hours. He met Calhoun on his own ground and beat him with his own weapons. There were some passages of real eloquence in it.

This speech called out Mr. Calhoun, who has appeared rather anxious to avoid a collision with the giant minded New Englander, who he knew would follow him.

He commenced on Friday morning and after speaking about 2 hours gave way on account of dizziness in his head and hoarseness. He urged but little that was new, that he had not presented in his printed remarks on the subject. He speaks with inconceivable rapidity and energy, and with a very dictatorial air. His language is sinewy—and his periods rather short. He has evidently got a fine mind. His figure is gaunt, his eye bright, or rather keen and wild, and his features when in repose exhibit great decision of purpose. He looks very much care-worn. He resumed his remarks on Saturday, gave us the philosophy of the Asiatic—Grecian—Roman, and English Governments—praised in the highest terms the liberty secured by the confederated Gov. (which he contended ours to be) of Greece and Rome—etc., etc—He concluded about 1 o'clock with denouncing the Bill, and consigning over to the execrations of posterity, its advocates. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before Mr. Webster, in a tone that thrilled like a trumpet the nerve of every ear said "He was to take his chance with that posterity."

I can't convey to you an idea of the impression which the enunciation of that simple sentence and one or two succeeding

in his deep awful voice, produced. It lifted the audience from their seats, and when he said he did not stand up there to defend the ill regulated liberty of Rome, or the contentious liberty of Greece but our own dear American Liberty, he threw his whole soul into his voice, and made my blood quiver.

He then went into an argument, which was the most complete annihilation of Calhoun's position, and perfect demonstration of his own, that I can conceive it possible for the human intellect to frame. He shivered to atoms the specious but frail structure which Calhoun had raised with infinite labor, with a few strokes of his battle axe. He towered and soared above even my conception of what I thought he could do, after reading his reply to Hayne. You will not find in this speech as many brilliant passages, nor as high tone of excited feeling, as in the latter, but as an argument, as a demonstration of the nature of the constitution, I think you will pronounce this, far, far superior.

Its high excellence, is its perfect clearness—You are not at loss for a moment for its meaning. . . .

Wednesday, February 20.

My dear B—

I intended to have written you a full account of the debate between Webster and Calhoun, but I deferred it expecting that Calhoun would reply on Monday or yesterday—he will not do it till next Monday—He was overwhelmed by Webster's argument—and he needs not a week but an age to reconstruct the frail but showy structure, which Webster literally shivered to atoms. It was the most tremendous effort of pure reasoning I ever heard or expect to hear.

Forsyth ⁸⁹—Millar ⁹⁰—Mangum ⁹¹ and Poindexter ⁹² have been speaking since—Poindexter spoke 4 hours yesterday and 3

⁸⁹ Congressional Debates 502.

⁹⁰ Congressional Debates 595.

⁹¹ Willie P. Mangum of North Carolina (1792-1861) Whig, Representative 1823-26, Senator 1831-36 and 1840-53.

⁹² Congressional Debates 602.

hours today, occasionally abusive, vulgarly so, of Webster, against whom he directed his whole attack. Towards the close, he called, he alluded in the strongest terms to Webster's conduct in the last war, asked him then, "if he was in the front rank when blows fell heaviest and thickest—if then when the constitution was being cloven down, he called on the people to come to the rescue—to the rescue." This is part of Webster's close. After Mr. Grundy⁹³ had got the floor, Mr. Webster, who as far as the outward man was concerned, had kept perfectly unmoved got up, and stated with as much coolness as you would use in telling about the weather, that the Gentleman had seen fit to allude to his course during the last war, to all this *from him* I have nothing to say—if however the Gentleman from S. Carolina chooses to take notice of any conduct of mine, *he* shall receive a respectful answer,—as much as to say, I will meet the Lion but not the Jackal. Poindexter, sprang to his feet in a fit of rage muttered out. "I have a perfect contempt for that gentleman." W. only bowed most scornfully. There is something terrific in Webster's sneers—I never witnessed anything like it—It makes your blood run cold.

The debate in the House has been very interesting for the last two days—The amount of it has been on granting protection to cotton. There the South has had a protection amounting to prohibition and yet is fighting against the same principle when applied to Northern industry, and even in the Bill under discussion in the House, a protection is given amounting to above 50 per cent—while a protection of 30 per cent is not extended to cotton-goods.

Jackson has exhibited a fiendish malignity of temper in the late case of Tobias Watkins, which has shocked the whole community, even his warmest friends. The court has ordered the release of Watkins, who has been confined more than a year beyond his sentence as a punishment—But no sooner had he been released than Jackson through his attorney for the district ordered him again to prison, when it is known he has not a cent

⁹³ Congressional Debates 662.

to pay and his large family depend on the exertions of an only son for support. I can mention several instances of this kind—Jackson is the most abandoned tyrant at heart on earth, and I am not sure if he gets the power, but what he would seize upon any occasion to hang Hayne etc.—etc.

He is in a most outrageous humor at the election of Duff Green⁹⁴ as printer for the Senate—almost as great as when VanBuren was rejected.

Intended to have left here on Friady, but I shall wait now at least till next Tuesday—I want to hear Calhoun, for if he attempts to be personal on Webster there will be a fierce skirmish, like that between Hayne—I am anxious to hear McDuffie also.

It is rumored that Poindexter has sent a challenge to Webster—

John Randolph⁹⁵ is here—he says he has come in to the death of the constitution. I have not seen him yet—but intend to.

The Bill of the Judiciary will pass the Senate tomorrow. Grundy—Sprague⁹⁶ and Ewing will speak tomorrow, and this evening—Jackson says if Congress does not give the power requested, he shall exercise it if the necessity of the case requires it— . . .

Gid Welles,⁹⁶ Ellis, Wilcox—Pease etc are here—They are in agony about the Tariff—Clays Bill is sore thorn in the sides of VanBuren men. I doubt if any Bill passes this Session.

Washington City, Feb. 23.

Dear B—

I have just come from the Senate Chamber—Webster and Clay⁹⁷ have been out against each other on the question of the

⁹⁴ Duff Green (1791-1875) editor of the *United States Telegraph*, a Washington newspaper.

⁹⁵ John Randolph of Roanoke (1773-1833). He died in Philadelphia in the May following.

⁹⁶ Peleg Sprague of Maine (1793-1880) Senator, 1829-1835.

⁹⁷ Gideon Welles (1802-1878), Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln.

⁹⁸ Congressional Debates 722.

power of the Senate to originate a Bill of this description—Clay came out very warmly on an expression which dropped from W. that this Bill was thought by many to surrender up one branch of the American System—in defense of himself. He was powerfully eloquent—as much so as on any occasion that I have heard him.

I regretted it extremely—Webster however restrained himself. He did not reply in any thing of a personal spirit—he will come out against this Bill yet in a powerful speech—The Bill does not surrender up the principle of protection—In fact Clay expects that in 1842 the South itself will come forward and ask for protection on cotton—tobacco, etc. etc. which the Bill as reported by him puts into the free list, for this especial purpose to induce the South from interest to maintain the protective system.

There is however a complete breaking up of parties here—the South and *West below the Ohio* will vote together in the next political campaign—

Politicians go to bed and find queer bedfellows along side of them the next morning. . . .

The House has done nothing for two days—Clay's Bill will pass the Senate tonight to a third reading—Its fate in the House is somewhat doubtful, and yet its friends calculate on a majority of 30 or 40—. . . .

Washington City Feb. 26th.

My dear B—

The mail closed last evening before either the Senate or the House adjourned—both were the theatres of intense excitement. In the former, Webster ⁹⁸ assailed the general principles of Clays Bill in a speech of 3 hours full of strong and unanswerable argument—carefully avoiding anything of a personal nature—Clay ⁹⁹ replied in a speech of nearly 2 hours—but did not and could not overthrow the position which Webster took. He concluded with the most splendid outburst of eloquence I have heard from his lips. It was overwhelming. There is a

⁹⁸ Congressional Debates 727.

⁹⁹ Congressional Debates 729.

brief sketch in the *Intelligencer* of this morning of this debate—but it gives you no idea of it as heard. I cannot believe but what Clay is actuated by the purest and loftiest feelings of patriotism—but what he is anxious of pouring oil upon the agitations of the country. Clay was in several places very unkind and personal towards W. Taunted him with his new-born zeal for the administration. It was expected that W. would answer in the evening but the Senate adjourned rather unexpectedly, on the motion of Mr. Clay, who was informed that his Bill had been introduced by way of Amendment to Verplanck's Bill and passed in the House to a 3rd reading after a debate of 2 hours. This move obviated an objection made by Webster, that the Senate had no right to originate a revenue Bill. The Senate will not go on with its present Bill, but take up the one from the House as soon as it is read a 3rd time which will probably be today. One week ago and there was little hope that any Bill would pass the House this session, now it is confidently believed that a Tariff—the Land and Enforcing Bill will pass. Calhoun is expected to answer Webster today.

[February 27.]

Calhoun¹⁰⁰ spoke more than 2 hours in support of his resolutions in answer to Webster's argument—but he neither supported the one or overthrew the other—Webster replied¹⁰¹ in a speech of about one hour, exhibiting but little feeling, he laid a hand of iron however upon Mr. Calhoun—Clay's Bill passed the House this morning and will come up in the Senate tomorrow and pass through—The Enforcing Bill is before the House—McDuffie will speak tomorrow and I shall leave next day for Richmond or Norfolk. . . .

Washington City Feb. 28th.

My dear Brother—

I have just come from the capital where McDuffie¹⁰² has been beating the desk—stamping the floor—and stunning our ears

¹⁰⁰ Congressional Debates 750. Speech of Feb. 26.

¹⁰¹ Congressional Debates 774.

¹⁰² Congressional Debates 1865. Speech is not reported.

for a good 3 hours without convincing the understanding for a moment.

His manner is very violent—he gives his emphatic words the strength of a blow with his fist—or stamp of his foot. Burgess described him as having the angry action and ferocious visage of a wild cat. He has a very strong mind however, but exceedingly visionary. Grant him his premise that 2 and 2 make 5 and he will easily maintain that 5 and 3 make eight.

He maintains that the South pays 19/20 of all the duties, and if we should separate, that she would have 45,000,000 of revenue while the North would not have but 5,000,000.

The Revenue Bill will pass the House tonight if the House is full by a vote of 3 to 1. The majority are determined to sit it out, and it is possible they may sit till morning.

An attempt will be made tomorrow to call up the Land Bill and pass it tomorrow—The Senate have not acted yet definitely upon the Tariff—They are waiting for the action of the House upon the Land Bill and Enforcing Bill.

I shall leave here tomorrow for Richmond from which place I will write you— . . .

Richmond, Eagle Hotel, March 4th.

My Dear Brother.

I have just reached this capital of the "Old Dominion." I left Washington on Friday as I intimated in my last letter, in the Potomac for Norfolk. It was the coldest day we have had in this region this winter. We had a tremendous rough passage through the Chesapeake. Most of the passengers were sick. When we passed the mouths of the rivers which empty into the Bay, where the wind and the waves could have full sway, the old boat quivered and cracked in every joint and the waves swept clear across the decks. We passed in our way Mount Vernon, Fort Washington nearly opposite—Old Point Comfort, upon which you know Fortress Monroe is situated—the ripraps directly opposite, which two when completed will effectually secure the Bay. I intended to have landed at Old Point Comfort, and passed up to Norfolk on Sunday, but the Captain

dared not attempt to land. We reached Norfolk about 4 on Saturday aft. I crossed over immediately to Gosport—visited the dry dock which for solidity of masonry and splendor and strength of material, is perfect. It is not quite finished. The Delaware—the Java—the Macedonia and the Fairfax are laying there. I made enquiries for Sloane. He has moved across the river, has a shop now in Norfolk—and is doing very well—He is the only painter there and is making good wages. He has not laid up anything yet, but will be able to. I could not find his shop when I returned from Gosport, and his house is on a point formed by two branches of the Elizabeth. Norfolk has nothing very attractive about—Mr. Tazewell's ¹⁰³ residence is very pleasant. I spent the evening with Dr. Selden, ¹⁰⁴ to whom I had letters very pleasant. I have heard nothing since I came here but State rights—Secession—Jacksons Proclamation broke upon [them] like a crash of thunder. They denounce him most bitterly. If his election was to take place tomorrow, he would not get the vote of this State.

It was so very cold, I concluded to take the Boat yesterday morning, or else I should be obliged to remain till Monday. We had Gov. Troup ¹⁰⁵ of Georgia aboard. He is a very quiet, silent man, very unlike what we suppose him to be at the North.

The James is a noble river—its average breadth for the first 40 miles must be 3 or 4 miles broad. You do not see on any of these Southern rivers, the beautiful villages which crown the banks of the Connecticut. The boat stopped at the Site of Jamestown—I went ashore. There are 3 or 4 chimnies standing, and the ruins of the first Church built in America.

We did not reach this city till about 12 at night, of course I did not leave [the boat] till this morning.

¹⁰³ Littleton Waller Tazewell (1774-1860) of Norfolk, United States Senator 1824-32, Governor 1834-1836. One of the ablest lawyers ever produced in Virginia.

¹⁰⁴ Dr. Wm. Boswell Selden (1772-1849). His son was also a noted physician.

¹⁰⁵ George M. Troup of Georgia (1780-1856) Representative 1807-15, Senator 1816-1818, Governor 1823-27.

The distance from W. to R——d, is about 380 miles, and the whole cost but \$10. I am very much pleased with the appearance of R——d, and I will now sally out to survey more particularly and deliver my letters of introduction.

Monday Evening.

I have spent the day very agreeably, and yet I am sorry to say that several gentlemen to whom I had letters are absent from the city. Judge Tucker¹⁰⁶ is away and others. Richmond is delightfully situated—the capitol commands a beautiful sweep of country—spreading out level on one side of the James River—and rising into hills—the whole site is broken, which makes it very picturesque.

I have attended the legislature to-day—It does not present many very able men. Virginians dress remarkably plain, and are very fine looking men. . . .

Petersbergh March 14th.

My Dear Brother.

I left Richmond on the 9th for this place 22 miles distant. The letter which Campbell¹⁰⁷ gave me to his father, gave me the most cordial, hospitable reception from his family. The fact, which they had learned, that I had taken an interest in his fate and tried to alleviate his painful situation, seemed to overwhelm them with gratitude. Charles was the favorite of the family and from his early proficiency and high standing, the brightest augury of his future eminence was formed by all his friends, but how have their hopes been blasted! Under what a terrible visitation is he now suffering! O God! if I should become mad! . . .

His father is a very strong minded, college educated man, and his mother is a woman of the finest talents highly cultivated

¹⁰⁶ Henry St. George Tucker (1780-1848) a distinguished writer. President of the Supreme Court of Appeals, 1831-41.

¹⁰⁷ John Wilson Campbell of Petersburg was a book dealer and in 1813 published the "History of Virginia to 1781." His son Charles (1807-76) was the distinguished historian who wrote the "History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia."

by reading and travelling and is connected with the first families in Va. His sister Elizabeth Moore Campbell, is a beautiful girl of about 18 or 19—and is the belle of this region. She is a little taller than Miss Elizabeth B. with eyes as bright, a forehead more intellectual shaped and a figure full yet delicate. Her hair is black, very black and her eyelashes lie like a black fringe above her eyes. Her nose is the finest feature in her face, which you know is very rare. With all these attributes of beauty, she did not strike me at first as very beautiful, but her face is one of those which require studying. When excited in conversation, she is very interesting. But enough of this, I am not in love yet.

Campbell's younger brother Alexander, is a fine lad, with an eye as bright as a star, full of fun and spirit and a very promising scholar.

From this family thus described I received the most kind attention and am indebted for one of the pleasantest and most profitable weeks I ever spent. I expected to leave Petersburg the next morning, but Mrs. Campbell sent down for my trunk and lodged [me] immediately in her best chamber. She gave me an invitation to accompany her and Elizabeth to Shirley, where she was just agoing, and I assure you I accepted the proposal without hesitation. Shirley¹⁰⁸ and the neighboring plantations on James river, are the richest and oldest estates in Va. So we started off the next morning, for Shirley about 15 miles from Petersburg and 25 from Richmond. The Old house, large and commodious was built nearly 2 centuries since, by the progenitors of the present proprietor, Mr. Carter. It consists of about 900 acres improved land of the first quality and 100 slaves and yields an income of nearly 10,000 dollars. He has this year a *field of wheat, of only 320 acres*, and raises for market about 300 barrels of corn. He keeps 20 horses. With such an income you may imagine his splendid hospitality. His service is all of silver, and you drink your porter out of

¹⁰⁸ Shirley was then probably owned by Hill Carter, a first cousin of Gen. R. E. Lee, whose mother was Anne Hill Carter.

silver goblets. The table at dinner is always furnished with the finest Virginia ham, and saddle of mutton—Turkey, then canvas back duck—beef—oysters etc, etc, etc,—the finest cellery—then comes the sparkling champagne—after that the desert, plum pudding—tarts—ice cream—peaches preserved in Brandy etc. etc—then the table is cleared, and on comes the figs, almonds and raisins, and the richest Madeira, the best Port and the softest Malmsey wine I ever tasted. . . .

While at Shirley, I visited, by invitation the ancient seat of Westover and Berkley, which with one or two exceptions, are the richest plantations in Virginia.

This excursion of a week gave me more insight into the manners and customs of the higher classes of this State, than I could have derived from any other source. We returned to Petersberg this evening. In crossing the James which is two miles wide, opposite Shirley to City Point, we had a tempestuous sea, and the Ladies were excessively frightened, and to tell the truth there was danger of being overset.

I have had as yet no time to visit or become much acquainted in this city—but I believe I shall leave here tomorrow unless it rains very hard for Raleigh—spend several days there, as I have been furnished with letters of introduction to the first families there—and then go on to Salisbury. I do think without exaggeration that this trip will be of more advantage to me than any two years I spent in college. . . .

Petersberg, March 15th 1833.

My Dear Betty

I think you would delight to visit this region, merely to observe the difference of manners and habits, from what you have been accustomed to, and to experience the princely hospitality of the *gentle* born families. For the last week I have had a succession of feasts. I accompanied Mrs. Campbell who is one of the most devoted mothers and well educated women I ever met with, and her daughter Miss Betty, a beautiful sprightly accomplished girl, to Shirley, the seat of the Carter family. Mrs. Carter, is of a high and wealthy family, and is

one of the plainest most unassuming women, you will meet with any where. Now, that you may understand how we lived there, and how one of these large establishments are carried on. I will describe a single day there—I will suppose also that it is a day upon which company is expected etc, etc.

When you wake in the morning, you are surprised to find that a servant has been in, and without disturbing you, built up a large fire—taken out your clothes and brushed them, and done the same with your boots—brought in hot water to shave, and indeed stands ready to do your bidding—as soon as you are dressed, you walk down into the dining room—At eight o'clock you take your seat at the breakfast table of rich mahogany—each plate standing separate on its own little cloth—Mr. Carter will sit at one end of the table and Mrs. Carter at the other—Mrs. C. will send you by two little black boys, as fine a cup of coffee as you ever tasted, or a cup of tea—it is fashionable here to drink a cup of tea after coffee—Mr. Carter has a fine cold ham before him of the real Virginia flavor—this is all the meat you will get in the morning, but the servant will bring you hot muffins and corn batter cakes every 2 minutes—you will find on the table also, loaf wheat bread, hot and cold—corn bread—

After breakfast visitors consult their pleasure—if they wish to ride, horses are ready at their command—read, there are books enough in the Library,—write, fire, and writing materials are ready in his room—The Master and Mistress of the House are not expected to entertain visitors till an hour or two before dinner, which is usually at 3. If company has been invited to the dinner they will begin to come about 1—Ladies in carriage and gentlemen horseback—After making their toilet, the company amuse themselves in the parlor—about a half hour before dinner, the gentlemen are invited out to take grog. When dinner is ready (and by the way Mrs. Carter has nothing to do with setting the table, an old family servant, who for 50 years has superintended that matter, does all that) Mr. Carter politely takes a Lady by the hand and leads the way into the

dining room, and is followed by the rest, each Lady lead by a gentleman. Mrs. C. is at one end of the table with a large dish of rich soup, and Mr. C. at the other, with a saddle of fine mutton, scattered round the table, you may choose for yourself, ham—beef—turkey—ducks—eggs with greens—etc—etc—for vegetables, potatoes, beets—hominy—This last you will find always at dinner, it is made of their white corn and beans and is a very fine dish—after you have dined, there circulates a bottle of sparkling champagne. After that off passes the things, and the *upper* table cloth, and upon that is placed the desert, consisting of fine plum pudding, tarts, etc, etc,—after this comes ice cream, West India preserves—peaches preserved in brandy, etc,—When you have eaten this, off goes the second table cloth, and then upon the bare mahogany table is set, the figs, rasins, and almonds, and before Mr. Carter is set 2 or 3 bottles of wine—Madeira, Port, and a sweet wine for the Ladies—he fills his glass, and pushes them on, after the glasses are all filled, the gentlemen pledge their services to the Ladies, and down goes the wine, after the first and second glass the ladies retire, and the gentlemen begin to circulate the bottle pretty briskly. You are at liberty however to follow the Ladies as soon as you please, who after music and a little chit chat prepare for their ride home.

Raleigh, Wednesday March 20th.

My Dear Brother—

Here I am in this capitol of N. Carolina, sweating as profusely after a short walk as I should in Hartford in the middle of May. I left Petersberg on Monday morning on the Roanoke Railroad in one of the Locomotive Cars for Belfield, a distance of miles which we went through in about 3 hours. After the novelty of this kind of travelling is worn off, the pleasure of it is very much diminished by the fumes of the oil—the clashing of the machinery—the hissing of the steam—and the scorching of cinders which are falling all around you. From Belfield we took stages for Halifax, a miserable little dirty village in this State, but then I was very glad to arrive after a toilsome ride

of 30 miles through mud and mire and a country which does not present a decent looking house the whole distance. I noticed in the fields, black *women* following their little ploughs, drawn by a jaded mule, and which is a very common circumstance. It is such ploughing and accompanying tillage of their soil, which has worn out this country. I spent two hours very pleasantly in the company of Mr. Long,¹⁰⁹ a lawyer of great respectability in that town, and to whom I had letters.

I started the next morning by 4 for this place, a distance of 84 miles, which I reached about 10 in the night, pretty much used up. The whole aspect of the country is mean—not a decent, painted house, or a neat village the whole way. The men dress very shabbily, and the women look very ugly. I passed by many farms, said to consist of 800 or 1,000 acres, but not half was under cultivation, the whole road lies through forests of pine, or worn out fields. The principle crop along here is cotton or corn—no tobacco, no wheat. Labor is very cheap—hands can be hired for 4 to 6 dollars the month. White labor is not much better than black. Land in considerable tracts can be bought for 4 to 6 dollars the acre. The taverns are miserable—They should be lettered pigsty, and the charge is outrageous—50 cents the meal for half cooked ham and eggs.

Letters, however, to this place has secured me the kindest treatment. Raleigh, when it is built up, will be a very beautiful place—It is laid out in squares—the country around is rather broken, and the people highly or pretty highly educated.

The State House you will recollect was burnt down a few years ago, and in it was destroyed the splendid statue of Washington, executed by Canova for 20,000 dollars.

An appropriation was made last winter, of 50,000 for

¹⁰⁹ Mr. Long of Halifax was evidently William L. Long, a lawyer and Whig politician of that town. Under the Harrison administration, he was seeking some recognition of his services. Dr. S. B. Weeks possesses a letter of his to W. P. Mangum, dated Feb. 27, 1841, in which he speaks of desiring a consulship and Mangum in reply thinks he might get the appointment as minister to Belgium or Naples. He preferred Belgium. The family is still prominent in Halifax and has been since the time of the Revolution.

rebuilding the former 2000 to repair if possible the latter. The State House will be built of granite, which is found in inexhaustable supply only a mile from the site of the Capitol. I visited it this morning in company with Mr. Gales¹¹⁰ and others. It is of very good quality, but they dont seem to understand getting it out or working it. A rail road has been constructed to the quarry.

I believe I did not mention that in my last letter from Petersburg, that I had seen Mr. Sam'l Robbins.¹¹¹ He is in moderate circumstances, but very much respected for his industry, temperance and piety, by means of these qualities, he is accumulating a little property every year—I took breakfast there the morning I came away. I saw Mrs Lydia Robbins. Fred R. keeps a tavern in the small way, and by the looks of his eye, is one of his best customers. This is between you and I. I was pressed to death for the reason why I had not called before on them, the truth is I did not think anything about it, till just as I started, and was not very well etc, etc, etc—They were all well, tell their friends if they inquire, and that I took breakfast there. The Lord deliver me from cousins in the fourth remove, when I travel.

I can get along much cheaper at the Tavern.

I have just seen Gov. Swain¹¹² of this State—He is not more than 32 years old, and is one of the most ungainly, awkward, homely looking men I ever saw. His career has been one of eminent good fortune. He was sent to the Legislature early—before he was twenty eight, appointed Judge of the highest court, and is now Gov. He is a man of very good mind however, and very well informed also. . . .

Chapel Hill University March 25th.

My Dear Brother—

. . . I spent another day at R. after I wrote you. I was

¹¹⁰ Gales did not graduate at Yale, but probably was a student there.

¹¹¹ Mr. Samuel Robbins of Petersburg has not been identified.

¹¹² David Lowry Swain (1801-1868), superior court judge, Governor about the time of this visit, and President of the University 1835-1868.

introduced to Gov. Swain, decidedly the awkwardest man I ever saw in any public Station. Nature has compensated him for his outward man by large mental endowments. Spent the afternoon at old Mr. Devereux,¹¹³ a fine specimen of the real southern hospitality and manners. My visit was none the less interesting because a lovely grand-daughter of some sixteen summers growth was present, and was pleased not to be very coyish. I spent the evening at Mr. Gales brother of the Washington Gales,¹¹⁴ to whom I had letters. He is a graduate of Yale and married his wife in Mass. Northern Wives for management and the endearing qualities of a mother, stand 75 per cent above par, yet a pretty southern girl with a big plantation is not to be despised. There was présent among other ladies, Mr. Gale's mother, an old lady still in all the vigor of youth, with her faculties only softened and mellowed by time. She as you know was an English Lady—resided sometime in Germany and is acquainted with the most distinguished men of this country. I never met with a more intelligent and interesting Lady. She brought up the poet Montgomery and is in correspondence with him now. Her conversation is rich in anecdotes of her personal experience. Four hours flew by and I took no note of time, certainly not by its loss.

I left Raleigh about noon, but not without calling on some

¹¹³ Mr. Devereux is Thomas Pollock Devereux, a large planter on the Roanoke then residing in Raleigh. He was one of the largest slave-holders in the state and, about 1867, wrote a letter to the legislature which is published in some of its documents of that time. This letter shows him to take a position with reference to the liberated slaves which marks him as a statesman. He was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards. For many of these North Carolina notes I am indebted to the late Stephen B. Weeks, Ph. D.

¹¹⁴ Joseph Gales, the elder, printer, publisher and useful citizen in general. Born in England in 1761, died in Raleigh in 1841. Founded the *Raleigh Register* there in 1799 and was for the next generation the leading editor of the state. His son Joseph Gales, Jr., and his son-in-law, W. W. Seaton, developed and made the *National Intelligencer* a power in Washington. (See Weeks' *Press in N. C. in 18th Century*; also *Life of W. W. Seaton*, N. C. Booklet, printed about 1908.) Mrs. Joseph Gales was Winifred, daughter of John Marshall of Newark on Trent, born in 1784.

of my new made friends there—Dr. McPheeters¹¹⁵ and family—Gen. Saunders,¹¹⁶ Mr. Dwight¹¹⁷—The Gales, and Devereux—I bid goodbye to that sweet place and its hospitable people as to old friends. I reached this seat of the University of N. Carolina in the evening of Friday, a distance of 30 miles. The country is not interesting, except that it is more broken than that on the other side of Raleigh. After supper I delivered my letters to Dr. Caldwell,¹¹⁸ the venerable President of this college, of which he was pleased to take such *kind* notice as to send for my baggage and beg of me to consider his house as my home during my stay in Chapel Hill; and so I have done, and here I am now hurrying over this sheet in his office and in his venerable looking chair. This reconciles me more to the delay. I expected to have left yesterday evening for Salisbury, but the stage was very much crowded, and the night was dark and stormy and the roads excessively bad, and so I concluded to remain till the next stage—till tomorrow night.

Dr. C, is a very distinguished man—has travelled in Europe, and by his energy and perseverance, built up and sustained this institution for 30 years. There are 3 buildings for students, and recitation rooms etc, and a small chapel and observatory. It numbers about 100 students—8000 vols. in all the Library and a very respectable chemical and philo[sophical], apparatus. It was for a long time doubted at the North whether any thing like college discipline could be maintained at the South, but I did not observe any difference between the habits of students

¹¹⁵ Dr. McPheeters was a Presbyterian preacher, who had a school in Raleigh, a preparatory school for boys, and at another time had a similar school in Fayetteville. Dr. Weeks thinks that Willie P. Mangum was a pupil of his in both places and that he taught for him in Fayetteville.

¹¹⁶ Romulus Mitchell Saunders of Caswell County, N. C. was in public life for many years and was at one time minister to Spain. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson of Baltimore was his son-in-law. Gen. Saunders married the daughter of Judge William Johnson of the U. S. Supreme Court.

¹¹⁷ Mr. Dwight. Dr. Weeks knows nothing of him; perhaps he was a visitor.

¹¹⁸ Joseph Caldwell (1773-1835), president of the University, from about 1797 or 1798 to his death, with the exception of the four years, 1812-16.

here and at Yale—except that in this boasted land of refinement their manners are more rough and their dress, even vulgarly plain.

The germs are beginning to exhibit their tender green now. Indeed the peach and plum trees are in full blossom and the early flowers are to be seen in the gardens. I wish you to recur to the date of this letter with you. Here I am writing with the door and windows open—with rich and yet delicate blossom of the peach before my eyes and the fragrance of the early flowers upon the warm air. . . .

I shall pass over to Hillsboro tomorrow morning, if I can get a conveyance. It is but 12 miles, and is one of the most flourishing places in the State. Saving accidents, I shall reach Salisbury on Friday morning, where I hope to receive letters from my friends.

Chapel Hill March 25th 1833.

My dear Brother—

How long before I reach Salisbury is a matter of some doubt. I expected to have left here in the stage last evening but it was full, and the night dark and stormy, and the roads excessively bad, so I concluded to go by another stage, which will come on tomorrow am therefore still enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Caldwell the president of the College at this place.

While at Raleigh I enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of several wealthy and intelligent families, indeed a stranger is very well treated through this whole section of country Especially if he bring letters along with him.

I left Raleigh on Friday noon, and reached this place about 7 in the evening, a distance of 30 miles. I immediately delivered my letters to Dr. Caldwell, who sent for my baggage and wished me to consider his home as my home during my stay. Now this is a very convenient way of travelling indeed, and makes one better contented with delays than he would otherwise be. There are 5 professors and two tutors. There are 3 college buildings, and a chapel and observatory. The college is situated on a hill, amid a thick and extensive grove of native

oaks, which must present a fine appearance when in full foliage. The village is small, not consisting of more than 20 houses and owes its importance if not existence to the University.

The inhabitants, like most southerners are indolent, and like very much to lounge about and let the slaves do the work. The enterprising men are mostly from the North—They generally grow rich here, and are looked upon with suspicion.

Took tea this evening at Prof. Mitchell ¹¹⁹—felt myself back again into Con.—Mrs. M. is a daughter of Dr. North ¹¹² of N. London, and a younger sister of hers is now visiting her. Prof. M. is a good man and a patient thorough scholar with eccentric manners—He gave very distinct ideas of men and things as far as they have fallen under his observation—after tea, Mr. [Peter] Norwood ¹²¹ came in, told me about Bunker, ¹²² and to illustrate the manners of the Western part of this [State] mentioned an anecdote that was told of the wife of one of their former Governors—that she would not remove to Raleigh, because she would be obliged to wear stockings and shoes. Several students came in, a more raw set of fellows you don't see often collected.

Prof. M. thought N. C. must always remain poor—no large cities and could be none—no prospect of establishing any gen'l system of education.

[March 26]

Rose about 7—Walked over the garden—examined a sundial on a stone pillar—peach trees in full bloom—looked over Webster's speech—spoke at breakfast of what I had seen and heard at Washington—Dr. C. spoke pretty strongly against Nullification and the authors of it—with great discouragement of the enterprise of this State—the almost utter impossibility of rous-

¹¹⁹ Elisha Mitchell (Yale College, A. B., 1813). Came to N. C. about 1823 to teach in the University and spent his life there, being killed in 1857, by falling down a precipice on Mt. Mitchell, which mountain was named for him.

¹²⁰ Dr. Elisha North of New London (1771-1843).

¹²¹ Peter Norwood has not been identified.

¹²² Bunker may be James M. Bunker (A. B., Yale College 1832).

ing the people to a sense of the improvements of the age—entered some of the students with an account of what I had seen at W—was invited by several to visit the Libraries—did so—the dialectic is one of the finest I have ever seen—I noticed mostly all very fine standard works—English works—English editions and in English binding—several portraits of members who have become distinguished—visited the Philanthropic Library—about the same no. of vols.—but less splendidly bound and many new books—walked out to the observatory and the burying ground—stones erected by the Societies—great rivalry between them—walked over the village—saw a great many while at one of the Stores—visited the University Library—rather small—the old building quite dilapidated—the State not liberal toward—rather jealous—no ladies here—good deal of music—after dinner was introduced to Prof. Hooper called on Prof. Mitchell, who had gone out to a Saw Mill with some Ladies—so out we went—and a very agreeable time we had of it too, conversed with the professor about rocks, stones and fossil shells—and the Ladies about appropriate matters. This institution has been built up by the perseverance and energy of Dr. Caldwell—took tea with Prof. Hooper ¹²³ a very good and intelligent man—complained about the want of gusto in the pursuit on the part of the Students—Dr. Caldwell gave me a very interesting account of his travels in Europe. Slept over breakfast Bell—walked out to Prospect Point—and then to the Observatory. Heard Mr. Mitchell preach—after dinner conversed with the Dr. and wrote letters—Doubt the propriety of locating [a college] in a village.—

Hillsborough, March 27th 1833

My dear Brother—

I wrote you a few lines from Chapel Hill on Monday after—

¹²³ William Hooper, then a professor in the University of North Carolina, later went to the University of South Carolina; became president of Wake Forest College, was a Baptist preacher, a man of some literary attainments. He was a man of much eloquence, the grandson of Wm. Hooper, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and left a large family. He died in 1876.

noon. I spent the evening at Prof. Mitchell's, one of the ablest men of the faculty. He is a graduate of Yale, and a native of Conn., and married his wife in N. London, a daughter of Dr. North. A younger Sister of his is spending some time with her. I should not have known from anything I saw at his table, or the manners of his family, that I was out of Connecticut. I didn't see two or three black servants standing at your elbows to execute your slightest wish, even to pushing the salt cellar a little nearer, if it is a foot from you. He gave me a good deal of information about the habits of these people, and the nature of the country I should travel through. He told me of an incident which frequently occurs at the camp meetings of the Methodists. The preacher in the midst of a fervent prayer, will all of a sudden burst out into a loud boisterous laugh—as though his soul was rejoiced at the conversion of sinners around him. The most godly of his brethren join with him. This is called the "Holy Laugh." What should you think of Joel,¹²⁴ should he break out into an explosion of that kind?

On Tuesday morning, I spent several hours at Prof. Phillips's,¹²⁵ an Englishman. He is considered a very able mathematician. His wife is quite a pretty woman. He wanted to have me make his house my home on my return. P. was a little too derogatory in speaking of the claims of other mathematicians. Pres. Day a mere arithmetician, the faculty of Yale rather weak except Prof. S[illiman].

I think I mentioned the circumstances which kept me at Chapel Hill longer than I expected. I tried on Monday to get a private conveyance over to Hillsboro, but there was not but two carriages in the place, one of them was broken and the other had no horse to go in it. I thus had the prospect of remaining in Chapel Hill till Wednesday night, after having seen all that

¹²⁴ Rev. Joel Hawes, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.

¹²⁵ Professor James Phillips, an Englishman, who came to the University about 1825 as professor of mathematics and remained there till his death in 1867. He was the father of Professor Charles Phillips and of Samuel F. Phillips, at one time solicitor general of the United States.

was to be seen of any interest to me. Just in the nick of time a lady came to my relief. Mrs. Webb, the lady of Dr. Webb ¹²⁶ of Hillsboro, had come over to visit Mrs. Caldwell, who has been for some time very sick. She hearing of my desire to visit H., and my inability to do so, without any intimation, put her coach, and her servant at my disposal. I of course declined accepting so kind an offer. But she insisted upon it, as the horses were doing nothing there, and might as well be going as not. So I very thankfully accepted the offer, as there was no escape. This is that kind of ready politeness, which a stranger constantly meets with. She gave me a letter to her husband a wealthy and intelligent man in whose house I am now writing. I had a delightful ride here. The morning was as beautiful as I ever saw in May. The air was mild, and the peach trees in full blossom. Hillsboro is 12 miles from Chapel Hill and is the finest village I have yet seen in the Southern Country. There are about 1000 inhabitants—and several beautiful residences with large gardens, full of flowers and fruit trees, crown the eminences around it. If the house had a new covering of paint—and the yards were a little more neat, and there were fewer blacks, you might suppose from external appearances, that you were in a New England village.

I made several very interesting acquaintances here—spent some time very pleasantly at Judge Nash's ¹²⁷ to whom I had letters. In the evening Miss Webb invited some of her young friends, gentlemen and Ladies, which gave me an opportunity observing the manners etc. etc.

I am off tonight at 11 o'clock for Greensborough 50 miles distant, as I have not finished this letter, I will not send it till I reach Salisbury. Dr. Webb received me very kindly—he is quite a wealthy man—wealth is here mentioned in blacks and

¹²⁶ Dr. James Webb who was for many years a leading physician in Hillsboro. In 1799 he undertook the organization of a medical society in the State. It was not successful. He made another effort in 1849 and was then successful.

¹²⁷ Judge Nash was Frederick Nash, a son of Gov. Abner Nash and nephew of Francis Nash, who was killed at Germantown. He was later chief justice and died in 1858.

plantations—was introduced to Dr. Michael W. Holt ¹²⁸—a late graduate of Chapel Hill—after dinner we commenced a stroll over the village—There are several very fine situations about the place was introduced to Mr. Clingman, ¹²⁹ a student of law, who graduated with the first distinction at Chapel Hill—He is a very strong minded young man—

Delivered a letter of introduction to Judge Nash, he himself being away—found his Lady an excellent pious person—she gave me an invitation to call often—met at tea M. C. and Mr. Bingham ¹³⁰ the distinguished teacher of the High School here—after tea walked with the Lady to a prayer meeting at Judge Nash's—walked home with an elderly young Lady—fast verging into the sear and yellow leaf—prayers—called at Dr. Tadis ¹³¹ but did not find him in—called on Mr. Clingman—spent an hour with Mrs. Nash—her daughter—manners of Collegians appoint two or 3 of the most polite to wait on the Ladies—set speeches—and set subjects—Waverly novels and books of plates—stationed at every corner, where they may gaze upon the Stars as they sweep by. . . .

¹²⁸ Dr. Michael W. Holt. Dr. Weeks is not quite able to identify this man. He was unquestionably a member of the Holt family which was then seated in Western Orange of which Hillsboro was the county seat. It is now in Alamance County. The founder of the family was Michael Holt, who was settled before the time of the Revolution and suffered at the hands of the Regulators about 1770. This man is most probably the son of Michael Holt (b. in 1778 and d. in 1842) who was the father of Dr. William R. Holt, 1798-1868, a man of much influence in his day who contributed much to the development of farming in that section of the State. See a long account of the Holt family in the Biographical History.

¹²⁹ Mr. Clingman is Thomas Lanier Clingman, 1812-1897, a Whig Congressman, who later turned Democrat, was U. S. Senator, and Brigadier General, C. S. A. He fought a duel with Wm. L. Yancey of Ala., was a devoted friend of Willie P. Mangum.

¹³⁰ William J. Bingham, at that time and for many years after, principal of the Bingham School. This school was founded in 1793 by his father and is now conducted at Asheville by his son. The same school has remained in the hands of three generations from 1793 to 1916.

¹³¹ Mr. Tadis should perhaps be read Faddis. Dr. Weeks thinks there was a merchant in Hillsboro at that time, of that name.

Salisbury, Saturday March 31.

Much to my chagrin and disappointment I found no letters here from home. It is now more than a month since I have heard from you—I don't consider this as doing the thing that is right—I will still hope better things are in the mail, which will arrive to-night from the North. I encountered a tremendous snow storm on my way to Salisbury, and even now, the peach trees are powdered all over with snow, which presents a beautiful contrast. I left Hillsborough about eleven at night with not a star to be seen, and indeed nothing else, except by the light of a single lamp to the stage, which only shed around a dubious twilight. To make the matter worse, I had a fellow passenger, who was in an agony of fear lest he should be upset, which is the order of the day in these parts. You may be assured I made up my mind to encounter at least a half dozen upsets before morning, when I got into the stage. We progressed about 18 miles all night, and a bitter cold one it was too. I found my cloak and coat not too much protection. I was not upset but came very near it. I was once on the point of being emptied into the river in fording it. However we reached Greensborough about 11 A. M., a distance of about 40 miles. Before we reached there, three inches of snow had fallen, almost the only snow they had seen there this winter. Greensborough is a very pretty place—containing about 700 inhabitants—near it is Guilford Court House, where Gen. Green fought his battle—traces are seen to this day, especially the mark of a ball in an old sycamore—principal crop, wheat and corn, best of land bought for 5 dollars the acre—two gold mines in the county—few negroes—great gain. Cotton factory going up—the power of steam applied—spent two hours very pleasantly with Mr. Lindsay,¹³² to whom Dr. Webb gave me letters—I left Greensborough in the best stage, with the best driver and horses and passed over the best road in the shortest time to Lexington, where we slept till one in the morning—we then left for this

¹³² Jesse H. Lindsay of Greensboro, a business man and leading banker of the town, who still has descendants there.

place, which we reached about 5 A. M., I have traveled 134 [miles] from Raleigh. Dr. Smith ¹³³ was awaiting my arrival, and appeared to be very glad indeed to see me. I found him and George quite well—they could not be better. Dr. Smith has quite a very large practice, which brings him in 1500 to 2000 a year, and he is growing every day into public confidence. I have no hesitation to say, that he is better read in his profession than 2/3 of the Doctors of our country. George is doing very well here. . . .

Salisbury, Saturday March 30.

Reached this place yesterday morning. I left Hillsboro on Wednesday night a little past eleven—There was not a star to be seen, and but one lamp to the stage, to lend its uncertain light to guide us over a very perilous road—felt pretty sure that a day of upset and overthrow had come—we rode about 18 miles only in 5 hours—The driver was pretty carefull, and we came no nearer than an angle of 45 to an upset—was waked out of my doze by a plunge of the stage into a bottomless water pit, or was in a process of translation through the top of the stage by a bound over a projecting stump—Towards morning we crossed the —— a branch of Cape Fear, and was in imminent peril of being emptied into it, now I have a hydrophobial aversion to any such thing—was entertained by a dispute between a Scotchman, and a true son of the Emerald Isle, about the benefit of the Union to Ireland and Scotland—good peach brandy—reached Greensboro about 11 in a violent snow storm—thought I had changed my direction—The forest presented a magnificent appearance with the tall trees, loaded with snow and cased in the dazzling coat of white—The peach trees presented a

¹³³ Dr. Ashbel Smith, born at Hartford 1806, A. B., Yale 1824, practised law in Salisbury, returned to Yale and graduated in medicine, studied surgery in France, practiced medicine in Salisbury, removed to Texas in 1837 and became Minister of Texas to Great Britain and France, and Secretary of State. He was later Colonel of a Texan Regiment in the Civil War, was president of the Board of Regents of the State University in 1881, and died in 1886. He never married.

brilliant sight, with their richly tinted blossoms powdered all over with a brilliant frost work.

From Greensboro to Lexington, the best stage—horses and driver and over the best road I have seen since I came South, belongs to the great Southern line of Mulford and Peck—we travelled the distance of 40 miles in less than 6 hours—Snow all the time—and very cold, found my cloak and coat not too much protection—reached Lexington about 7—after supper I got a very good sleep till about one—about half past we started for Salisbury which we reached about 5—Doctor Smith was very anxious and well pleased to see me, if evidence can be trusted—found him well and George too—About 8 I lay down and slept till 10—Doctor went out to visit a patient 6 miles—was called on by Huie,¹³⁴ an old classmate—called with him and Dr. Smith at his home—saw his two sisters, of whom Dr. Smith has spoken often and hugely of them and their beauty—not very much struck, felt very foolish and very stupid—I can not talk with Smith in company—was introduced at tea to Mr. Alexander¹³⁵ who invited me to call on him—he has been a bitter opponent of Smith—Smith told me of an affair of his, which redounded very much to his credit with three or four young fellows—He told him he would fight, if they dared challenge him.

Sunday Morning [March 31]

Was introduced to Mr. Locke¹³⁶—spent an hour in Mr. Alexander's office—found him a good Clay man—spent the forenoon in Smith's office—after dinner rode out 3 miles to see one of Dr.'s patients—delightful ride—talked of everything—Dr. urged me by all means to go to Europe, and that as soon as I was admitted to the Bar—. He thinks I should read to the advantage after my return—that one should visit Europe before his habits were confirmed—and his manners settled—if

¹³⁴ Warren G. Huie.

¹³⁵ Mr. Alexander has not been identified.

¹³⁶ Mr. Locke was possibly son of Senator Francis Locke.

I only had the means I would go directly—Major¹³⁷ Kerr—tea at Mrs. Huie—Kate is considered a very voluptuous beauty—Antonette is of a different order of beauty, but much superior in my views—Kate's face wants intellect—vivacity gushes out of every pore of Ant—Wine, almonds and raisins are set in the room and you help yourself when you please—there is no sitting round the fire—but all is life, and conversation and music—I did not take much of any part in the conversation—it was light, but with sense enough scattered through it, to keep it from flying off to the moon—spent some time with Mrs. Huie¹³⁸—broke up about 12—adjourned to Dr. Smith's room—talked till we got warm, I turned in with Doctor after he had read a chapter of the Bible—The Doctor is an enigma—We talked over my plans—and he is to procure me letters of introduction.

Sunday Evening—

Slept from 1 till 4—walked out with Dr.—George contrary to his orders had gone out to ride with Huie—This displeased him very much—He yesterday had involved him in a difficulty with Col. Lemly¹³⁹—George is too forward and too bold for his age, and bringing him into this region of slaves and being accustomed to be called *Master*, will I fear not have a happy effect upon him—He went into a discussion of the matter—and thought it would be of advantage to him—met Mr. Locke—, after tea Henderson,¹⁴⁰ Huie and Dr. came into my room and in various converse beguiled the hour till 10—H. told several incidents, which went to convince me that the faculty of the University of Va. were a most contemptible cowardly set of men—the bell rope—the insult to the Prof. and his intended—The whipping of a proctor—challenging etc.—

Dr. gave us a great deal of information about France and England—. . .

¹³⁷ Major Kerr has not been identified.

¹³⁸ Mrs. Huie, mother of Warren G. Huie.

¹³⁹ Col. Lemby has not been identified.

¹⁴⁰ Archibald Henderson.

Monday night April 1st.

After breakfast Dr. Smith spent sometime in my room—was introduced to Major Beard¹⁴¹ We conversed about my route—thought I had better go to Charlotte then to Berke Co.—so to Greenville to Pendleton, to Columbia or Augusta, and to Charleston, and will give me letters to some of the places mentioned—We talked about politics—State rights—etc. Henderson came in—walked through Salisbury—Mr. Fisher¹⁴² has a very fine situation, native trees in his front yard—Col. Polk¹⁴³ situation highly pleasant—Henderson is to introduce me to Miss Polk to-morrow—called on Miss Huie on my return—Miss Antoinette was as interesting as ever—Miss Kate has a very fair skin, her neck is as white as snow, but not as cold—her height is very good, her face wants intellect—Took a ride this afternoon in the Huie Coach out to Mccoys¹⁴⁴ plantation—a tract of 4000 acres—a mill, cotton gin, 100 negroes—lives amidst of his plantation—country uninteresting—unmarried—fished awhile but did not get a nibble—returned about 5—took tea at Mrs. Henderson, was introduced to Miss Henderson—present Dr. Mitchell¹⁴⁵ and Mr. Morgan—Dr. M. is a very pompous man, and would be a great man—but is not.

Tuesday Evening—[April 2]

Have just returned from a ride through the country of 21 or 2 miles. It has given me an opportunity of seeing the man-

¹⁴¹ Probably Major John Beard.

¹⁴² Probably Charles Fisher, Major Beard's son-in-law, a Congressman, who died in Mississippi in 1838. His son, Charles F. Fisher, was killed at the head of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, at the first battle of Bull Run, or Manassas.

¹⁴³ Col. Polk may have been William Polk (1758-1834), father of Bishop and General Leonidas Polk.

¹⁴⁴ McCoy's plantation has not been identified.

¹⁴⁵ Probably Dr. Lueco Mitchell who served as surgeon on the Carolina at New Orleans in the War of 1812. He was a Whig and took some interest in politics. Mr. Morgan may have been Rev. John Morgan, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Salisbury from 1832-1835, when he went to Missouri. He died on Staten Island in 1877.

ners—hearing the idioms of the ignoble and vulgar—looking at the country—the worn out fields old field and also of observing a geological curiosity. Indeed our object was to see the “Natural Wall.” The first sight we got of it was 4 miles from here—down in a glen—The wall was exposed by the disintegration of the granite from the action of the air and water—The Basalt itself seems to decay when acted on by water—It comes out in bricks as they call them, consisting of parallelepipedons—of 4—9 sides—the vein is a little inclined—. . .

Wednesday—[April 3]

Called to see Mrs. and Miss Henderson but found them both out—Henderson Library very fine—Judge Martin ¹⁴⁶ also—Gibbons Miscellaneous Works—

Smith's room after dinner—called down with Henderson to see Miss Polk but found her out—Gen. Polk was not very courteous—I ventured to deny some of his assertions respecting Mr. Adams and not to worship at his idols shrine, Gen. Jackson—pointed out to me the palmetto—a thorny pointed leaf—

Rode out with Dr. to Mrs. Gen. S. ¹⁴⁷—a lady who has once been gay and fashionable—Dr. touched her vein—a beautiful girl, granddaughter—fine forehead—finely chiseled nose—large black eyes—clear complexion and fine figure—will make a beautiful girl—Miss Mary S.

Took tea there—muffins—biscuits—waffles—bread—peach, ginger and lemon preserves—fine coffee—invitation to come again before I went—on our return found an invitation to Mrs. Fisher's to tea—so over we went—Major Beard there—5 cups of coffee—very pleasant evening—.

Thursday [April 4]

Called at Mr. Henderson—not at home—the forenoon in discussing the propriety about going to-morrow, am going out to Major Locke and Col. Mac.—concluded to go to-morrow—

¹⁴⁶ Judge James Martin of the State Superior Court.

¹⁴⁷ Mrs. Gen. S. has not been identified. See note 149.

was presented by Huie, Henderson and Major Beard with letters—bid goodbye to Cate and Ant & Mrs. Huie—am going to bed quite sick—a very fine conversation with Joseph Weisman¹⁴⁸ on painting—I should judge him to be a master in his profession—I am in haste to meet him at Newbern—

Salisbury, N. C. [April 4]

My dear Brother—

It will be a week from to-morrow morning since I reached this place and a very pleasant one and profitable one it has been too. You will acknowledge that I have pretty good opportunities of seeing and hearing distinguished men, and I hesitate not to say, that as a man of society, of conversation, and general intelligence, I have not met one superior to Dr. Smith.

Of his medical attainments I can only judge from the vigor of his mind and extent of his opportunities. He ought not to remain in this place, although he has a very fine practice and is increasing it.

I intended to have written you a long letter but it is now nearly eleven, and I am off on the morning for Charlotte soon after 3.

I have spent a week here very agreeably. I found two of my old classmates here. I took tea and spent the evening of Saturday at Mrs. Huie. Miss Kate is very voluptuous looking woman, and her sister is a very intelligent—interesting young Lady.

I have also taken tea at Mrs. Street,¹⁴⁹ formerly of Philadelphia—A little granddaughter of hers about 14, was there and she bids fair to make one of the loveliest creatures in the world—she has a large black eye, and all her features are very regular—took tea, and spent last evening at Mrs. Fishers.

¹⁴⁸ Joseph Weisman has not been identified.

¹⁴⁹ Mrs. Street has not been identified.

Salisbury, N. C. [April 5th]

My Dear Neph—

. . . I have been here nearly a week with a particular friend of mine Dr. Smith, the ablest young man of my acquaintance. His conversation is a perpetual feast. He is a splendid scholar—spent a year in Paris and has read the great books of life and human nature with a keen eye. He understands woman thoroughly. In his company I have visited all the intelligent familys here—and rode 8 or 10 miles into the country in every direction to see the sovereign people in there homes—their log huts, which is the pervading style of building. The poor *whites* at the South are not as well off in their physical condition as the slaves, and hardly as respectable. Henderson and Huie, who were for awhile classmates are here pursuing the studies of the Law. . . .

Charlotte N. C. April 7th

My Dear Brother—

Dr. Smith, myself, George, and Drs negro boy left Salisbury with two easy riding horses and a double chair for this place, which is the centre of the gold mining district. Dr. was anxious to visit an intimate friend of his, H. Bissell ¹⁵⁰ who is engaged extensively in the mining business. For the first 10 miles the roads were so intolerably bad we came to a serious deliberation about the expediency of going on. I had seen so much of bad roads, that I was not to be deterred from going on, and it was so late in the season and time in every point of view ought to be so precious to me, that I could not think of returning to Salisbury. Still I advised the Dr. to go back, and I would wait at the tavern and take the stage when it came on. To this Dr. would not hear, so hearing that the roads were better on ahead, after breakfast (for we left Salisbury by 5 in the morning) we mounted horses and pushed on. We did find the roads better though they were not to boasted of out of this State, and reached this place, St. Catherine Mills 3 miles out of Charlotte, and 43 from Salisbury, a little after 6 in the evening.

¹⁵⁰ H. Bissel has not been identified.

The otherwise tedious distance was beguiled by Dr's. conversation, account of his travels in Europe etc. Mr. B. the man who is courting Caroline Bulkley,¹⁵¹ received us very cordially. Bissell and Smith resemble each other very much, and they both speak the English language with a degree of correctness and power, which I never saw equalled. You may be assured then that their conversation is highly interesting and profitable.

Miserable state of indecision about 5 miles from Salisbury—the roads excessively bad—concluded first to take the stage—then to let George take the stage, and Dr. and myself to ride his horses—then he rode back 1 mile after Isaac, to come on the — horse—after riding 2 miles I, rode back, to take the chaise, and George and all—It was well this was done, for the stage was full and could not take George—we found no difficulty on the way, and by interchanging between the chaise and horseback found it very comfortable—we reached here a distance of 43 miles about 1/2 past 6, left about 1/2 past 5—I went to bed sick of the headache. . . .

Charlotte—St. Catherines Mills—Saturday P. M. [April 6]

I reached here last night—was kindly received by Mr. H. Bissell. The evening was spent without any peculiar interest, except the supper, or rather dinner for he eats but twice a day. 4 of us set down to a table, before Mr. B, was a fine roast fowl—Dr. Smith, bacon—myself, broiled fish to eat with the greens—before George, there was toast—waffles—and bread and biscuits. Beside Mr. B. was a fine bottle of Hock—he and Dr. drank of that—I took a large dish of coffee, but ate very lightly as I was suffering under an intolerable headache—after they had got through eating—they took a fine dish of coffee.

This morning—chicken before Bissell—ham, Doctor, eggs, myself and salmon, George—and the usual vegetables.

Bissell lives the life of a lord—and his manners can very well sustain him—though very dimunitive, he is not a man to be trifled—

¹⁵¹ Caroline Bulkley has not been identified.

Too late to go to Charleston, down the country, after the 21st of April, the planters dont like to go into the country—thought I had better go to Augusta, and so down to Savannah—steam conveyances are good. . . .

Monday A. M. [April 8]

Yesterday we all rode out to the mines, which this company of which B. is the agent, is now working. It belongs to the children of a Mr. Capps.¹⁵² Capps was a poor drunken devil, and after the discovery of the gold, he lived so fast, and drank so much whiskey, that he died in a year. His wife is a poor beast and his children not much better. They get one-fifteenth of the gross proceeds of the mines. Taking a candle, each one, we descended the perpendicular shaft nearly 100ft., which was very fatiguing, and then penetrated the mines several 100 yards in various directions. There was a blast, while we were below, which produced a stunning noise. We were obliged in some places to slide, in others to creep and stoop, which is very trying to the back. The vein runs down at an angle of 45, with a breadth varying from 4 to 12 ft. the gold ore is interspersed with this vein—united with slate, quartz and the sulphate of iron. The gold in this mine is never found in large particles, and the richest ore looks like powdered rotten stone. About 100 men are employed by this company. The ore is raised up out of the mine by horse power—It is then sorted—and broken up slightly and carried to this place, the Mills. It is then broken up very finely—put into the Mills in quantities of 20 bushels, with a suitable amount of water power for 24 hours—into this also is sprinkled quick silver from 6 ounces up to 3 pounds according to the richness of the ore. Now a peculiar property of quicksilver, it unites with the gold in a certain proportion, as it is disengaged by grinding from the minerals in which it may be imbedded, or united. After this operation, the whole mass, dirt, stones, quicksilver and gold is let off into a large vat, and then a process of washing is gone through by

¹⁵² Mr. Capps has not been identified.

which the amalgam, or puttylike mass of quicksilver and gold is disengaged from the other worthless matter. The surplus quicksilver is then literally squeezed out, what is left is put into an alembic, the alembic put into a furnace, the quicksilver is disengaged by heat, but which is again condensed by passing the fumes through a pipe surrounded by cold water, so that none is lost and the gold is left in a crude, rough, state. It is then melted down and run into bars. These mills with an ordinary run of ores will turn out 200 pwts a day of pure gold, a pwt is worth from 87½ to a dollar. The whole country in every direction is traversed by gold veins which are everywhere worked. There is a mine, some 10 or 15 miles from here which yields a profit of 200 a week. The man was not worth a cent when he leased it.

Yesterday there was a tremendous fall of rain, which swelled the streams so high, that the accumulated water swept away the dam of these mills, and caused a damage of 15000 dollars—you cant imagine the havoc a few hours has spread out beneath my eye at this time. Such a rain as this renders the roads impassable for a day or two. I shall not therefore be able to leave here till Wednesday.

I shall go from here to Lincoln—there take a horse and visit the deposite mines, which are by far the most profitable, in Berke County, come back to Lincoln and take stage to Greenville—spend a day at Pendleton—push on to Columbia—spend a few days there—and then push on to Charleston. I will write you from Greenville, if I reach there.

I have been furnished with letters to distinguished gentlemen in S. Carolina, which will insure I doubt not, the most cordial reception. I hope to reach Charleston in two weeks.

Dr. Smith, and George left here this morning for Salisbury. I have been treated very handsomely by Dr. Smith indeed and I account the week I spent with him, anything but lost time to me. The road he will take to-day is not crossed by many brooks so that he will go safe.

Everything here is now in confusion—and this accident will

probably sink the stock of this company, at least half. It is in every way a severe accident to them. The immediate loss is large and the consequential loss enormous.

Charlotte is a beautiful village—and within 2 or 3 years past has been the resort of a great many foreigners. It was formerly famous for its splendid dinners—and evening parties. I hope to find letters at Charleston.

Morgantown, N. C. April 12th

My Dear Brother—

I wrote you a letter on Tuesday from Charlotte expecting to leave in the stage the next morning but I was again disappointed, tho' not very sorely as I had a very comfortable home at St. Catherine Mills. I believe St. Catherine is the sweetest saint in the whole calender.

I was introduced that afternoon to Miss Catherine B.¹⁵³—a lady from Charleston who is reputed to be the prettiest girl on all the Capes. She certainly is very pretty—with bright black eyes—clear complexion and very delicately shaped—but like most of the southern ladies, she looks very delicate, too much like a flower, which you know must fade soon.

On Wednesday I visited several mines in the vicinity of Charlotte. They have not been worked in a very scientific or skillful manner and great sacrifices have been made. Gold mining is a very hard business and fortunes can as easily be made in any other way.

Charlotte you know is famous as being the place where independence was first declared in this country, and the Mills, as being the first, which put in operation a cotton Gin and a gold mill.

On Thursday I took a ride over to Capps mine—owing to the stop at the Mills, operations at the mines are suspended for a time. Took dinner with E[dward] Bissel in his log hut. On my return called at Mr. B's, was urged so hard to stay till Titus B[ennett] returned that I bid the company good bye and

¹⁵³ Titus Bennett and Miss Caroline Bennett have not been identified.

spent the afternoon with Miss C. B. and her Sister. I was here told of the most abominable habit—I ever heard of Ladies being addicted to—If Mrs. Trollope had told it I should have set it down as a lie. The Ladies, aye fine Ladies, eat snuff—rub their teeth with it on a toothbrush—and then they become as attached to it as men do to tobacco. That in a company of Ladies, the snuff box will be passed around, and each one will slip in her brush or stick and rub her teeth with it and if gentlemen come in all the apparatus will disappear as if by magic—the mouth is wiped clean with the handkerchief etc. etc. This precaution is taken by those who call themselves Ladies, but the Country women do it in the face of day and while walking along the street.

A gentleman told me, that soon after he came here, he offered a woman his snuff box, and his blank horror, she thrust in a toothbrush—and while he was looking to see how she would poke that up her nose, he was disgusted to see it go into her mouth. I have myself seen women use snuff in this way—since then. I spent a delightful time at Mr. B. till night came on and Mr. Titus B. did not return and I had no excuse to remain longer, as I was to leave Charlotte the next morning early. I was 7 miles out in the midst of the woods and intersected in every direction by cross paths to the various mines. I assure you I plunged into the woods with a boding fancy—but I got home safe in about 2 hours, after fording 2 creeks and losing my way sundry times. You have travelled in the woods in the dark, and been obliged to cross streams without bridges. You hardly see a bridge in this part of the country.

I left Charlotte in the stage, yesterday morning, in company with Dr. Nelson¹⁵⁴ from N. York city, who is largely interested in the gold mines of Georgia. I should have said, we left in a stage—a little two horse concern. We were just 20 minutes in fording the Catawba River, 17 miles from Charlotte. It was delightful riding in the woods, the air was so soft and rich from the blossoms of the dogwood—the wild plum,

¹⁵⁴ Dr. Nelson has not been identified.

the hawthorne and the Hawe tree. We did not pass a dozen hours in going the whole distance to Lincolnton, 37 miles. At a miserable tavern we got the usual meals—fried ham and eggs. Bacon—Bacon, Bacon is set before you morning, noon and night, backed with corn bread and tough biscuit.

Lincolnton is a very pretty place—with 7 or 800 inhabitants, situated among the hills and streams of the Blue Ridge. Letters to Mr. Henderson secured me very polite attentions—I was introduced to several gentlemen. I was much amused with a Mr. Reinhardt,¹⁵⁵ a young lawyer, who studied a year in New Haven. Like most Southerners who have visited the North he speaks of it with enthusiasm. He wants to go back and “figure” away at N. Haven—cant bear to live here in the backwoods—wants to “see a steamboat.”

I left Lincolnton this morning about 1½ past 6 in a stage, drawn by a mule and a little pony. It was a queer looking team. I had a Mr. Mitchell¹⁵⁶ a gold miner, for a fellow passenger—he gave me a great deal of information about the mining business in this region which is entirely different from that of Charlotte. The mule and the poney took us right smartly over 17 miles, where we took another team still worse than the first, one of the horses gave out in about 2 miles, and we were obliged to wait two hours before we could get the old mule again, we travelled a little over 3 miles the hour to this place, the county seat of Berke. In passing up the gorge of the mountain we crossed one creek 27 times in a distance of 4 miles. I had a very good time however, as my companion was a very intelligent, shrewd man. We had too, part of the way, the society of a young lawyer from Charlotte who was riding horseback to Asheville, a distance of 100 miles to attend the court there. Lawyers in this way ride 200 miles and are gone 5 or 6 weeks at a time from home. This county and that of Bunkome are situated amidst the Blue Ridge and the inhabitants are a

¹⁵⁵ The name of Reinhart is common in that section as that of a family of Germans who came from Pennsylvania before the Revolutionary War.

¹⁵⁶ Mr. Mitchell has not been identified.

set of cut throats and savages, with some exceptions. There has been a set of counterfeiterers, here for more than 20 years, and they have within a few weeks seized one of them old Twitter, who has carried on the business for nearly 40 years. The scenery around here is however very sublime, I expect to visit on Monday the highest point in the Blue Ridge—after doing that and visiting the gold deposits, I am out of this county as soon as possible—I shall go out to-morrow to Col. Avery,¹⁵⁷ almost the only literary man in this vicinity, excepting the lawyers.

Left L.—mule and poney—broke harness in about 4 miles—4 miles the hour—country broken—mountains in the distance—the South Moun[tain] delayed 2 hours by the breaking down of a horse—the gorge of the mountain very beautiful—evergreens—3 kinds of pine—the magnolia—ivy—Haw tree—and ivy etc. . . . Creek 27 times in 4 miles—the ascent long—Table Rock in the distance looked like a fort—Grandfather lifted its proud head in the distance—Mr. Michell the miner—discourse about the origin of gold—

Morgantown very prettily situated—surrounded by mountains—the Blue Ridge at a distance of 20 miles look splendidly—owned by 2 or 3 families—woman in jail for killing a man—rest of counterfeiterers—old Twitter and son and Hooper—Stock and whipping post in the center of village with the jail and Court House—queer old bachelor for a landlord—rich and foolish—no horses—

¹⁵⁷ Col. Avery was Isaac T. Avery, son of Waightstill Avery and a member of the Avery family of Groton, Conn. He died in 1864, was a large planter and a man of great influence in Western N. C. His family were all democrats in those days before the war, when to be a democrat in N. C. was hardly considered respectable. ("Can you imagine such a thing as that and yet I. T. Avery's son, Judge Alphonso C. Avery told me that himself," Dr. S. B. Weeks writes.) I. T. Avery was the father of Waightstill Avery, C. S. Congressman, Col. Isaac T. Avery killed at Gettysburg, while in command of a N. C. Regiment, Col. Clark M. Avery, also killed in C. S. A. in 1864 and of A. C. Avery, judge of the N. C. superior and supreme courts.

Thursday Evening [April 18]

Sunday morning after breakfast I mounted a horse, for which I was indebted to the politeness of Mr. Pearson¹⁵⁸ and rode out to Col. Avery. He owns a very large farm of some 1000 acres across the Catawba in part very good land. He has a very intelligent family and is himself the most intelligent and interesting man I have met in this part of the state. He gave me a great deal of information about the country. I remained with him until Monday morning. I then returned and hired a horse for 50 cents to go down to see the deposit mines, which are spread over the whole country, south of this point. I first visited Mr. Mitchell's mine and took dinner with him. His mining land is situated on a little creek—he employs 30 hands, who turn out a pwt and a half a day per hand. This mining land, is nothing more than the little vallies, which lie between hills, such as you see every where in a mountainous, broken country. On the top of course is the soil and dirt varying from 4 to 8 feet. then comes a layer of gravel, which is found always upon a strata of slate, in this gravel, especially toward the bottom, the gold is diffused in very minute particles. The top soil is removed—then the gravel is washed, by being thrown into what is called a rocker, or cradle, which is in fact a little more than a large cradle about half way down is a sheet iron riddle—the cradle is a little inclined—the stone is thrown upon the upper end, and a constant stream of water is kept running upon it. The gold particles are washed through the riddle, in the bottom of the rocker, quicksilver is deposited, this by a peculiar property is united with the gold, and keeps it from being carried out with the water at the lower end. I dont know that this gives you any idea of gold washing, but the process is very simple, and I will explain them when I get home. I visited the mines on different creeks, for 14 miles to Brindletown. I here found Dr. Baskerville,¹⁵⁹ to whom Col.

¹⁵⁸ Mr. Pearson has not been identified.

¹⁵⁹ Dr. Baskerville has not been identified.

Avery gave me letters. Dr. B. introduced me to about 20 young men engaged in the mining business—and a fine set they were to. In the course of the evening Champagne and Madeira were brought in and a right merry time we had of it. The mines are making from 1 to 8 pwt a hand per day, a pwt is worth about 80 cents. Occasionally they strike a rich spot which yields 50 to 100 pwts a day. These mines will be exhausted in a few years and then the land will be good for nothing, and this mining land is the only land that can be cultivated. There are 5000 slaves engaged in mining in this county.

This morning before I left I called upon several Ladies—heard a very fine piano in a log hut. The miners all live in log houses, one story having two rooms. Left about 12, rode about 4 miles on my way here to Satterwhite,¹⁶⁰ where I got dinner. He is an original, he says gold is growing every day, and that he has some that is but a few weeks old.

I returned here about 5 this afternoon. I shall leave this place to-morrow morning for Asheville—You will hear from me in a day or two more.

Tuesday Evening—

Rode out to Col. Avery—was rather fearful in crossing the ford—belly deep—lost my way. Was kindly entertained by him—fine promising son. Mr. Hall¹⁶¹ a pedagogue—mining business profitable to the whole county—no veins in the county—The Chevalier grand entree—splendid mountain scenery—waterfall—the fine soil of the mountations—The top bald

Letter to Dr. Baskerville—rode back—miserable accommodations at McIntyre's cursed the whole concern and moved over to Tates—couldnt procure a horse in the village—got one, broke his bridle—mad as a hornet—rode out to Mitchells mine 7 miles—dinner a fine toddy, took the old womans fancy—cold bacon, fried bacon—cold beef and fowl—eggs and cornbread—

¹⁶⁰ Dr. Satterwhite has not been identified.

¹⁶¹ Mr. Hall has not been identified.

down to his mine—30 hands, men, women girls and boys—gold worth 89 cts—

Brindletown about 4—Dr. Baskerville a very good looking man—from Va.—visited several miners, the same appearance—called on Mrs. Thomas¹⁶² found her playing on a piano in a cabin—music sweet and her sister was very beautiful Mrs. Irwin,¹⁶³ must have been very pretty when young—called on Mrs. Carson¹⁶⁴—very pretty woman—her husband killed Vance¹⁶⁵—it troubles him now—cant bear to be alone—rode out to the mines—saw 60 men ditching in one field and over 100 in another—large owl, wings 2ft. across—the thrush a very sweet songed bird—Dr. Baskerville gave me letters to Charlottesville and Lexington, Va.—also rode out to Dr. Satterwhite—took dinner with Dr. S.—a very queer man, knew Gen. J. of old—knows he will lie and that he cant write a page grammatically—reached home about 4—full of sad prognostications—presentments of which I cant rid myself—suspicious looking men—seem to have an eye towards my purse and key—the weather this evening very kind—Left about 4½—Col. Tate¹⁶⁶ got in—been rousing it all night—slept till we got to breakfast about 9—very good breakfast—Col. T. brought out his can of brandy—invited me to drink—was very inquisitive who I was—must be a man of science—Pleasant gardens a very beautiful tract of country on the Catawba—old man Carson sent his respects to me—very rich—

McDowell¹⁶⁷—Greenleaf farm—6 miles in ascending the Blue Ridge, followed back to its source, the main branch of the Catawba, till it had dwindled to a mere thread saw its spring head—within a few yards of the summit—clouds resting on all the peaks round—the Gap—on the other side commences

¹⁶² Mrs. Thomas has not been identified.

¹⁶³ Mrs. Irvin has not been identified.

¹⁶⁴ Mrs. Carson has not been identified.

¹⁶⁵ Vance has not been identified.

¹⁶⁶ Col. Tate has not been identified.

¹⁶⁷ McDowell has not been identified.

the S.—imagine the river god pouring out of his urn, the Eastern and Western waters.

Ashville N. Carolina. Wednesday April 17th

My Dear Brother.

* * * I left Morgantown this morning about 4 and reached here about 7, a distance of 60 miles. We crossed the Blue Ridge, which divides the Eastern and Western Waters. Within 20 yards of each other I saw the Springheads of the Catawba which flows through the Carolinas into the Atlantic, and, of the L—which is the main branch of the French that flows into the Mississippi. It has been a rainy day, and the top of the mountains have been shrouded in clouds. When we were on the highest ridge, the surrounding hills looked like islands scattered through an immense sea, as they peered through the rolling masses of clouds. It was a rare sight. The road was excellent for this country.

I had a fine, original character for my stage companion. He was a Colonel, and aimed at being a gentleman of the first water. He had been cardplaying all night and in spite of his politeness, to sleep he went. When he awoke he was full of apologies, which I very condescendingly admitted. For the rest of the way he kept his spunk up by pouring brandy down. He emptied a pint bottle, I should think, on the way. He was a red hot Nullifier, cursed the Yankees, who were all (except myself whom he pronounced the finest fellow North of the Potomac) a d—d set of cheats and misers wanted to have me go back to Morgantown and spend a week with him. Said he would accompany me into the mountains &c &c. He was a right fine man if his face was red hot with steam.

I should have said that we passed on the way, a fine tract of country the Pleasant Gardens of the Catawba. It was rich meadow land. This upper land resembles N. England very much, except in its people.

Thursday [April 18]

I was obliged to spend a day which has made me quite feverish I assure you. I am extremely anxious now to finish my trip and get home. Still I have found much to amuse and instruct me. It is Court week, when all the people old and young, men and women assemble in the county seat, and a rare time they have of it, be assured. Ashville is a great western thoroughfare. A fine turnpike is cut along side of the French Road which finds its way along a gap in these mountains. If I had time I would visit the warm springs about 30 miles on this road—the scenery is very imposing in this whole region.

Greenville, Saturday evening—[April 20]

I reached this lovely village of S. Carolina early this evening—It is a place of great resort in the summer and there are several beautiful country seats in the vicinity—belonging to rich gentlemen in Charleston.

I left Ashville on Friday morning, and very gladly too, for I tried in vain to get some kind of a conveyance to the Warm Springs, and the Hickory Nut gap, two natural curiosities well worth seeing. The evening previous, I spent with Judge Seawell,¹⁶⁸ one of the ablest judges in the state—We came only 27 miles the first day—The road would have been very tedious had it not been for my fellow travellers, consisting of an old bachelor, with a good deal of sly humor but very crafty and fishing for money—a young widow about 27 with some money if she ever gets out of the Law and quite a pretty simple hearted Buncombe Country lass of 18. . . .

We reached the end of our first days stage about 5—we passed on the way the Country seats of several wealthy lowlanders.

¹⁶⁸ Judge Henry Seawell (1774-1835) who was a judge of the State superior court and in public life and in politics for many years. His home was Raleigh. He was the friend of Judge Mangum although at one time Judge Mangum practically challenged him to a duel, basing his action on a misunderstanding of Judge Seawell's.

I got a horse immediately and rode out to the villa of Baring,¹⁶⁹ one of the rich bankers of London. It is situated on the side of an eminence about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the road, and commands a beautiful sweep of country for 20 miles in every direction. I never saw such a fine varied outline, as the Blue Ridge forms for his horizon. The grounds are laid out in the English style, everything is after the English model. A greater part of the furniture, and the ornaments, the alabaster &c &c were brought from England. The chairs, tables, are rosewood and I saw the finest bed that I ever met with. The curtains and hangings were of the finest camels hair, and the bed and pillows filled with the softest down—the material was the richest mahogany and the coverings of the best & finest linens etc.

The library consisted of upwards of a 1000 books of the best English binding and print and editing—The walls are very tastefully hung round with pictures and engravings, and every room has something very splendid.

Mr. Baring and Lady had not yet arrived from the South, which I very much regretted as they are proverbially courteous and hospitable to strangers. Mr. Pierson the overseer was very polite.

Our ride today was delightful, though very slow, as we had the team of yesterday and the distance was 40 miles. The passage through the Saluda Gap, by which we crossed the Blue Ridge, is made by running the road along the side of the mountain. You cant imagine anything more delightful than the appearance of the forests—the light tender green of most of the trees, the dark evergreen of the pine, the holly, with the

¹⁶⁹ A letter from the late Lord Cromer, dated October 17, 1916, states that the person alluded to "was evidently Charles Baring (1775-1864), who was the grandson of John Baring (1697-1748), whose fourth son was Charles Baring (1742-1829). The latter married a Miss Gould. The Charles Baring to whom you allude, and who, as I have already mentioned, died in 1864, married (1) Mrs. Heywood; (2) a daughter of Commander Dent, R. N. His son, Alexander, born 1848, was in the Royal Navy, and married Louise, daughter of Mr. E. King. He lived for some years in America, probably in Carolina."

snow white blossoms of the dogwood and other flowering shrubs, with the ever varying outline of the Hills, formed a rare sight. I cant see a manifest change in the vegetation this side of the Blue Ridge—here it is mid-spring, there the tender germs of the forest trees are just starting.

Greenville is a great *Union* district, but the Nullifiers are seen here with their badges on their hats. Everything I hear confirms me in the belief that some of the leaders in the late excitement still contemplate a disunion of the states and the formation of a great Southern Confederacy. The politicians are beginning to agitate the slave-question, and irritating the morbid sensibilities of the South upon that point. These southern Nabobs would as soon part with life, as with the luxury of their slaves. They would die without them. * * *

Friday [April 19]

After much vexation I was obliged to leave Asheville without visiting the warm springs, or Hickory Nut Gap—not being able to obtain a horse—Left in a miserable two horse concern—but an odd collection of passengers. A methodist cracked brained ex-parson—dashing young widow of easy virtue—quite a pretty country lass—who would allow all of the familiarity of Buncombe County which is all a man wants—and a crusty old Bachelor— * * *

Judge Sewall is very familiar with the Bar, but dictatorial in his manner at times—motley crowd—the jury seemed to have no opinions of their own—was introduced to Judge Sewall this evening—gave me reasons which account in some measure for the great increase of the negro over the white, and that is the immense emigration of the poor whites to the West—question which I must examine—

Judge likes to cut short long speeches by tart replys—swear to a lie, he says the people in this region will—very clear headed man—Lawyers are rather indifferent men—I feel quite pokerish in this region—

Record of the indictments stolen—and the books torn up—the

Judge and Lawyers inveterate smokers—the Judge hair is white as snow and his face very red—

Left for Chewville 63 miles—

Very fine breakfast—the Landlady put us up, some biscuit and boiled ham for our dinner—this was very kind and very provident, as there proved to be no house of entertainment on the way.

The driver took up his sweetheart on the way out to the box with him—bought a few swallows of milk and paid a 4 pence for it—Never was so beset with questions in my life—I had the question put to me direct, who are you, where are you from etc. etc.

Greenville, S. Carol. Sunday—[April 21]

Have walked all over the place there is so much forest growth before the neat white residences of the wealthy inhabitants, that the summer months must be delightful here—water fall—brought no letters to this place, which I very much regret—beautiful dwellings—forest scenery—falls or rather cascades—Saw several merchants—was afraid the disaster of the country had but just commenced—the slavery question is to be agitated—the leaders are irritating the public mind on that subject—The meeting house with windows broken out—looked as though the broken panes had been papered—

Took the stage to Pendleton—reached there about 7—found I could not leave again till this Friday—too long time—found no letter to Mr. Calhoun from Fisher as I anticipated—took the stage this morning at 4—found myself with a young Lady with very black eyes—delicate looking—dressed in black riding habit, with black beads to which was appended a black ebony cross, which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore for the sake of the owner—a nephew, a bright eyed nephew of hers—and an old, lean servant who abused the English language most outrageously—

Augusta, April 25, 1833.

My Dear Brother.

I wrote you last from the beautiful village of Greenville,

added a postscript at Pendleton and dropped it into the office at Abbeville. I went over to Pendleton expecting to spend two days there in visiting J. C. Calhoun and the Natural Curiosity, Table rock, which is a bold precipice 1100 ft. perpendicular height on two sides, I presume the greatest curiosity in that whole country. But I found when I reached there that I should not be able to leave in 5 days, and time was too precious to do that. I therefore took the stage for Augusta the next morning, at four o'clock. From Pendleton I had as company, a Miss Ogier ¹⁷⁰ and her nephews. She proved to be a most interesting as well as beautiful Lady. Like most Southern Ladies her eyes were bright black. She had travelled over France and England and visited nearly state in the Union. Her mind is of the highest order and she has received a through as well as accomplished education. She is a Catholic and wore a beautiful wrought cross about her neck, which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore for the owners sake. She only about 19. but in delicate health. Had it not been for her, I should have died of Blue devils, for over such roads I have not travelled of late, as those to this place. We were in a two horse stage, and each team was drove 80 miles in two of the hottest days we have yet had. The stage broke down six miles out of Abbeville, so we had to pry up and put in *rail* springs—We started from Abbeville, which is a beautiful little village at 1 in the morning, and rode until 10 o'clock at night, making but one stop at dinner, except delays in mud holes—prying out and mending traces.

If I had any inclination to extend my visit far into the South, my said experience would effectually cure me of it, to tell the truth I am very anxious to get back again among my friends.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home
While ought of kindred cheers the welcome hearth.

Augusta is a very beautiful place—the great street of the city is the widest I have ever seen and is adorned with several blocks

¹⁷⁰ Miss Ogier of Charleston has not been indentified. Can the name be a phonetic spelling of Huger?

of brick stores which would show to advantage even in New York. A deep gloom and embarrassment rests upon the city at this time, owing to the failure of one of their banks and of some of its most substantial business men. The scarlet fever has carried mourning into many families. This fever is a novel disease in the southern states and the physicians dont know how to handle it.

The streets of A. are planted with the China tree, which has a very bright green leaf. It is preminently settled with Northern men and Irish men—but few native Georgians are in business here. I found a classmate here Robert Clarke,¹⁷¹ who hailed me like a brother and treated me with great kindness—We rode out to the U. States Arsenal, where there are 20,000 stand of arms. This arsenal, it was suspected, the Nullifiers intended to possess themselves of, in order to facilitate their *pacific* purpose of breaking up the Union, for that, that was their end I have no doubt, and I am by no means satisfied but what that is their intention now. The morbid sensibility of the South on the subject of slavery cant be conceived by those who have not visited this part of the country—and the leading Nullifiers are alarming the fears of the people, by charging upon the North a disposition to unsettle this question. Near the arsenal which is 3 miles out of A. are the residences of the wealthy citizens. The houses are very small, about as large as Wordsworth cottage and are embowered in shrubbery and a small thick leaved oak. I noticed several kinds of roses in thick blossom, as well as various other flowers.

Gov. Forsyth, Mr. Wilde, have seats there. The houses are very small but neat, and embowered in woods and shrubbery. We also visited a fine spring of water, from which the city is supplied. This evening I took tea with Clarke at his brothers—a rich merchant in Augusta. To-day at dinner with Mr. G[oulds]¹⁷² there were 5 kinds of wine on the table.

¹⁷¹ Robert Clarke (A. B., Yale College, 1830) (1800-1860).

¹⁷² William Tracy Gould (1799-1882) (A. B., Yale College, 1816). Settled in Augusta in 1823 and was judge of the City Court there 1851-66.

Thursday evening—[April 25]

I have spent the greater part of the day in calling etc.—one person and another. I expected to have left for Savannah, but the boat did not leave on account of some slight repairs to the machinery. It is nearly 300 miles by water, double the distance by land, but I have had such frightful experiences in Land carriage, that I will, try steam boating for a while although I know it is very tedious. We shall start early in the morning.


Near the arsenal also is a fine spring which wells out a living stream of fine water, which is carried into the city by pipes. The State House is a very decent edifice, located in the centre of a beautiful green, thickly grown with trees. There is a fine engraving of it in the Hinton's Views in America. The land around Augusta is poor, and the whole distance to Savannah I am told presents an unbroken sweep of worn out fields and pine barrens.

I brought letters here to a son of Judge Gould of Litchfield, who is married and is practicing Law here. He is elected member of the State Convention which meets in a few weeks to revise their constitution. Were I not in haste to get home, I would spend a week at the capital of the State, in studying these hot headed Georgians. They are full as mad as S. Carolinians.

I should have stated that I saw the Nullification badge very frequently in S. C. that is the blue cockade and the small palmetto batton. The Union badge is an American Eagle, mounted upon black with a small tassell.

I commenced this letter in Augusta and will finish it on my way to Savannah. I spent two days in Augusta, and went aboard the John Stoney yesterday evening, but did not leave the wharf till this morning at 4. We had not proceeded 12 miles down the river, before the boilers gave away, and we were obliged to lay by 5 hours till the leak could be stopped. We got under way again about 12, have now brought up for the night about 50 miles from Augusta, and nearly 200 from Savannah. It is considered dangerous to run in the night. I

assure you I am tired to death of this miserable way of travelling at the South. There are but two passengers beside myself aboard—one is a member of the Union Convention, who has given me important information respecting the State of parties in S. C.—The other is a Yankee, who is about starting a cotton factory in Georgia. He says the South is beginning to turn its attention to this business, and can succeed very well at it too. The country is full of fine water power, and the young negroes can be very profitably employed in this way while they now are a great expense to their owners. If this should be the case, there will be a great overturn of the constitutionality of the Tariff.

The Savannah river is not the beautiful river the name would imply. It is very muddy—yellow colored and finds its way to the ocean by winding like the serpent, its course is something like this 

The banks are for the greater part of the way thickly covered with trees—you can have no idea of the richness and luxuriousness of the foliage at this season of the year before the heat of the Southern sun, has scorched and emgrowned it. The banks of the river are very low and at this time, nearly level with the water. It is so unhealthy on its banks in the summer, that there are no towns, no residences for whites, nothing but an occasional log-cabin for the miserable blacks the whole distance. You will now and then notice a bank of oyster shells, of immense size, and high & lifted up above present tide water. They must have been once at the bottom of the ocean and were raised by some volcano, or convulsion.

Friday night April 26th Somewhere between
Augusta, Savannah, S. Carolina and Georgia.

My Dear Sir—

Here I am benighted or bedeviled on board the John Stoney, somewhere between Augusta and Savannah. I came aboard this Boat last night with the expectation of reaching Savannah a day at least earlier than the regular packet Boat—in order that

I might have the pleasure of spending that time with your own merry self. But as delays are dangerous, and as we have spent 2 hours this morning in repairing damage done to the boiler (there was no burst however) and are now anchored in the real primitive style of travelling, to repair the exhausted engines of the machinery till daylight comes back to us,—it is possible that a succession of delays may cheat me of the anticipated pleasure of seeing you. I will at all events assure you of my good intentions. I am on my way back to that good

Old State, whence pedlers come
With wooden nutmegs and New England rum,

after a tour of some months through the Land of pine barrens and Nullifiers. After experiencing divers upsets and breakdowns—floundering in mudholes and swimming rivers—enjoying a perpetual feast of hospitality and kindness—dazzled with the flashing of bright eyes and bewildered with the rattle of empty heads—and being pretty much used up with a few days of hot weather—I am returning to the North to heal my bones and—my heart. * * *

Savannah River—

Gov. Hamilton,¹⁷³ man of very popular manners—went into every corner of the State—visited the people in their log cabins—inquired after the sick—etc. etc.—laughed and joked with everybody—McDuffie a store in Augusta—unfitted for it—constantly reading—take down the goods, then to his books—

Luxuriant richness of the forest trees—muddy rivers—low banks—serpentine course—called a country of rain and wild flowers—delayed 5 hours to repair damages—Left Augusta in order to gain time but find I shall lose—hold up this evening cant run—Gov. Ham. said that in 1836 the Union must be broken up—They are trying to agitate the slave question.

¹⁷³ Gov. James Hamilton (1786-1857), Representative from South Carolina 1821-29, Governor 1830-32.

Sunday. Savannah. [April 28]

We were again detained last night by leakage of the boiler—and to our mortification the Mungen whipped by us in fine style. The Mungen left 3 hours after us. However we reached this city about 1 hour in advance of her. If I had come in [her] I should have had the pleasure of Miss Ogier company—

Beaufort, S. C. April 30th 1833.

My Dear Brother.

I closed my last letter immediately on my arrival at Savannah. It is beautifully situated on a terrace quite elevated above the waters of the river and its streets are planted so thick with the Pride of China that its small dark houses are hardly seen. The city is very regularly laid out and open areas are planted with the above fragrant tree and are quite frequent. The city could never be seen to better advantage than while I was there. The weather was not very warm—the gardens are filled with flowers, especially with a variety of roses—the Pride of China is in full bloom, which fills the air with the most delightful odor, especially at morning and evening, when it is damp—the splendid Magnolia, which flourishes in the low meadow lands, was occasionally putting forth its large white flower etc, etc. I should have been delighted to have staid longer at Savannah—but gentlemen to whom I had letters were absent, and time is very precious with me now—I feel a hunger and a thirst to get home.

I left yesterday morning for this place 80 miles distant, where I expected to have seen Edmund Smith¹⁷⁴ a classmate of mine—but I was disappointed. He is now in Charleston. However I spent the evening delightfully at his mother's and was served with the most delicious luxury I ever met with, and that was a dish holding 4 or 5 quarts of large, ripe *strawberries*, a dish of sweet cream and a bowl of fine white sugar. I never tasted anything so very fine. They have had strawberries for

¹⁷⁴ Edmund Smith (Rhett) (A. B., Yale College, 1830) (1808-1863), practiced law and later served in the Confederate army.

3 weeks. I should have said that pears were served up at dinner in Savannah and on board the boat yesterday. I got up early on Monday morning and went to Market. I there saw in the greatest abundance green pears—new potatoes, (rather small) beets, turnips etc. etc.—blackberries and strawberries, of the latter I made a purchase and ate them on the spot, not thinking that I should have such a luxury as I was blessed with in the evening of the same day. This is the first time in my life, that I have tasted of strawberries and green peas in April.

Beaufort is a beautiful place—very quiet,—no commercial business going on here—but planters whose estates lie among the islands—the famous Sea Island cotton plantations, have their plantations here. These plantations yield an enormous income. Several planters in this district enjoy a fortune from 10-70000 a year, and yet they complain of hard times. The district of Beaufort is probably the richest in the U. States, excepting the great commercial cities. The climate in the winter season is delightful, resembling that of the South of France.

I landed yesterday afternoon with a Mr. Eddings,¹⁷⁵ a young wealthy planter, but very dissipated. He was very anxious that I should go out to his plantation, on an island 10 miles distant, and I partly agreed to,—But he got gloriously drunk before evening, and we parted in a very cavalier like manner. Fortunately he was no Nullifier or he would have blown my brains out without any ceremony.

The North is not disposed to give the Nullifiers of this State, sincerity in their threatenings to fight—for myself, judging from what I have seen—and heard from Union men and all, I have no doubt of that sincerity. They would have fought with the courage of desperation—It was their intention if things actually came to war, to fight as long as they could in the open fields—then if they were obliged to give way, to blow up their

¹⁷⁵ Mr. Eddings has not been identified.

cities, and retire to their marshes and swamps and carry on a "guerilla warfare." This would do in the winter, but in summer, a few nights would soon drive them from their lurking places or else sweep them into their graves.

The affair is not over yet however—that attachment to the Union which was once so universal, and so sacred, is gone, and I fear gone forever. It is the commonest thing in the world, to hear them speak of disunion—the certainty of its taking place in a few years. Unless a revolution in popular feeling takes place, I should not wonder if disunion does come, and in its train all the horrors of civil war and revolution.

I dont wonder that Jackson is so damnably unpopular here. The leading men of this State had the surest pledges that Jackson was with them in their views of the Constitution. Gov. Hamilton has got a letter in his possession at this time, in which Jackson expresses his approbation of his views of State Rights etc. etc. They were all assured that the Executive was with them. Hence it is not to be wondered at that their hatred to the old truant is so deep and bitter. 3 months ago if Jackson had ventured into this state he would have been shot or stabbed in a short time. Their hatred of him amounts to madness—it is only surpassed by their hatred of the d—d Yankees.

I have had today a visit from Albert Smith,¹⁷⁶ brother of Edmund, and a very hot headed Nullifier, he has gone over the whole matter with me. He too has got the notion that the North has a disposition to tamper with the slave question. He is a brother of Robert Barnwell Smith,¹⁷⁷ who made such violent speeches in the convention against the Union—

I hope to get letters from home at Charleston—I shall leave here this evening for that city.

¹⁷⁶ Albert Smith. Nothing of his career has been ascertained.

¹⁷⁷ Robert Barnwell (Smith) Rhett (1800-1876) at the time Attorney General of South Carolina.

Charleston Friday May 3rd 1833.

My Dear B—

I wrote you last from Beaufort, but had no opportunity to get it mailed till I reached this headquarters of Nullification. I got a conveyance from Beaufort 20 miles to a miserable place called Pocolitigo, where I took the Savannah and Charleston Mail Stage at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night—we rode all night and reached Charleston at 3 in the afternoon.

On the way we noticed several splendid Magnolias, and a great abundance of the Live Oak—the most splendid tree in the Southern Country with the exception perhaps of the Magnolia. It does not grow to a great height, but covers a wide circuit and is, as its name implies, durable and an evergreen. Its appearance in winter is so splendid as in summer. I wish I could describe to you some of the roses which I have seen no where else than here.

Charleston has but little to boast of in the way of fine buildings, or beautiful streets. The houses owing to the humid atmosphere, wore a very dirty and old appearance, the streets are narrow and sandy. You will be surprised to learn that King Street, the fashionable Promenade, is a narrow street, we have none in Hartford half as narrow. Yet along this street, beauty and fashion are to be seen every afternoon pouring along in their splendid equipages, or sweeping by on the walks in the most tasteful dress. The ladies always ride without hats, and of course they are seen to as much advantage as in a Ball room. This is not the gay season of Charleston, and of course there but small parties, no balls, no routs etc. etc. Among others, I brought letters to Thos. Grimké¹⁷⁸ and Mr. Poinsett¹⁷⁹—I delivered them yesterday—and was very kindly received—I have invitations to dine with them on Saturday and Sunday. I dine to-day at Robert Barnwell Smith's, whose

¹⁷⁸ Thomas Smith Grimké (1786-1834) (A. B., Yale College, 1807), prominent in the advocacy of total abstinence, of peace, and of education.

¹⁷⁹ Joel R. Poinsett (1779-1851) Federalist, Representative from South Carolina 1821-25, Minister to Mexico 1825-29, Secretary of War 1837-41.

violent Nullification speeches you have seen in the paper. He is quite a young man, but of the brightest promise. He humbled the tone of the browbeating Hamilton in the Convention.

What was my surprise, you can imagine to stumble on our good friend, Alph S. Williams¹⁸⁰ in the streets of Charleston. I had as soon thought of seeing you. He is on his way to N. Orleans in company with a classmate of his from Philadelphia. From N. O. he proposes to go up the Miss. Ohio, across by Pittsburg to Phil. I told him he was mad to go to N. Orleans at this season, but there is no deterring him. I called on Dodd, found him well, George Dodd¹⁸¹ I found with him.

I met Franklin Robbins¹⁸² in the street, and called with him on Mr. Buckley¹⁸³—Mr. B. invited me to call on him. I called on Mrs. Barnard¹⁸⁴—I sent up my name, Henry Barnard from Hartford, and down she came expecting to see her brother Henry. You may judge of the agitation it threw her into. She is expecting to visit her friends at the North this summer—indeed intends to leave in the Steam Boat David Brown, on the 11th of this month, under the protection of the minister of her Parish, who is going to Albany to bring on an aged Mother to this city. I should be very happy to accompany her, but I had pretty much determined to return through the country. This will probably be the only opportunity I shall have to see this section of our country and I feel very anxious to improve it. * * *

Hired a horse from Beaufort, and gig to go to Pocotaligo—thought both would break down before I reached the end of my journey 22 miles—reached the place and found it was a mere store and postoffice—the postmaster gave me supper—and laid down on his bed with a throbbing headache and a heavy

¹⁸⁰ Alpheus S. Williams (A.B., Yale College, 1831) (1810-1878) later Major General of volunteers in the Civil War and Representative in Congress from Michigan.

¹⁸¹ George Dodd has not been identified.

¹⁸² Franklin Robbins has not been identified.

¹⁸³ Mr. Buckley of Charleston has not been identified.

¹⁸⁴ Mrs. Barnard has not been identified.

heart—the stage came along about 12 with 9 passengers etc. I filled the last seat—rode through a swamp a mile long—the air was full of the rank smell of vegetation—

Called on Smith last night—left my card—he called on me this morning—he appears as he formerly did, his countenance wears the pale cast of thought—told me about the culture and the introduction of rice, in this State—

Gov. Smith,¹⁸⁵ visited a captain who had lately come from the E. Indies—in the course of the visit, the captain showed him some seed which was given to him by the natives of Madagascar—Smith begged him for some of it—He gave it to him, not knowing it was of any value—the coming spring, he sowed a piece of marsh land, which was on his farm near where the Battery now is—to his astonishment it thrived—his neighbors did the same thing till its culture became very common—It was tried on the Uplands but does not succeed very well. Afterwards in the Lowlands swamp—by accident, it was found that the rice thrived all the better by being overflowed by water—strange expedient for securing the water in order that it may be deluged by it—Afterwards the tide was diked out, and now the finest lands in the world are found on the Savannah and Santee Rivers,—The ground is prepared by hoeing—planted a foot apart—watered and hoed just after it is up—water it—again and thoroughly weeded—

Saturday [May 4]

Took breakfast with Mr. Grimke—he was dressed very plainly—gave me quite a cordial reception—there is a child like simplicity in his manners—walked in his garden plucked several beautiful roses and gave me—fond of sculpture which Robert Morris had executed for his house, before he broke—Fine Fig tree in his garden—quite a variety of flowers and plants—a very arbor over hung with vines. Salmon and rice cake—cocoa and tea—uttered a profound remark—wished Burke had written a history of Society—Burke and McIntosh on the French Revolution ought to be studied in college—

¹⁸⁵ Thomas Smith, Landgrave, Governor of South Carolina 1693-1694.

The study of the Bible gives the history of Society in earlier ages—the profound and nearsighted singularity of the Jesuits—in excluding from their systems of education every thing which would bring the mind to think of religion—confined to languages and mathematics—

The revivification of Charleston College owing to the establishment of a flourishing academy by Bishop England ¹⁸⁶—

Charleston Sunday May 5th 1833.

My Dear Brother—

I mailed a letter for you yesterday or rather on Friday. Friday I dined with Robert Barnwell Smith, the fierce Nullifier—he is a man of great energy of mind and was very explicit in his views and opinions. He told me that it was the intention of the Nullifiers to seize the arsenal at Augusta and that some weak head let it out. After dinner which was very splendid and the wine was through, Edmund Smith and myself walked, over to the Citadel where the State at this time have their arms—It has a guard of 60 men parading about in the citadel after the manner of Uncle Sam's troops. We went to the Orphan Asylum, an institution which is a great honor to the State visited the oldest church in the State, built in 1737. In the grave yard which is attached to it, lie buried some of the greatest men of the nation—the Marions, the Pinckneys etc. etc. of the revolution. I went also on to the ground where the first rice was planted in America—the history of its introduction is very curious and interesting—

I took tea at Mr. Mintzing (?) ¹⁸⁷ the brother in law of Mr. B. Tea in this part of the country is always passed around—You never sit down to a table in the course of the evening. Ice cream and wines are served round—I spent a very delightful evening there—She has two very pretty children indeed Horace and Louisa. They are very bright and promising.

¹⁸⁶ Rt. Rev. John England (1786-1842) first Roman Catholic Bishop of South Carolina.

¹⁸⁷ Mr. Mintzing? has not been identified.

She is quite anxious that I should take the Boat or Ship with her on Saturday next.

On my return I found a very polite invitation from Thos. S. Grimke to come and take a family breakfast with him—his family are all in the country at this time.

Yesterday morning I went down at eight—after walking in his garden which is full of beautiful flowers and rare plants, we sat at breakfast table near $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9. His conversation was a perpetual feast—the breakfast was very pleasant—broiled salmon, rice cake and broiled rice—and chocolate and tea. He is you know, one of the most distinguished men in S. Carolina.

After breakfast I took a walk out to a rice mill—the rice when it is gathered is covered like oats, with a thick, close, red husk—This is put into a mortar like, upon which a pestle iron shod, is kept constantly playing—then by a process, the rice is fanned and assorted etc. etc. The power is created by steam.

Went on to the top of St. Michael's Church. It commands a very fine panoramic view of the city and the islands, and country around. The green foliage forms quite a repose to the eye. Sullivan's Island 6 miles distant looks very beautiful in the distance, I am in hopes to visit it tomorrow, as well as Castle Pinckney.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Pringle's ¹⁸⁸ son called and took me in his carriage all around the city. We rode about two hours—after that I took tea at his father's—His father you know is Collector of the Port and a more fearless man I never met with. He is one of the most respected men in the city. Mrs. Pringle is a woman of accomplished manners, and Miss Pringle is quite a belle.

I acquitted myself so much to their satisfaction that they solicited the pleasure of my company to tea to-morrow evening, Mr. Livingston from N. York is boarding at this house (Mrs. Courtney in Broad St.) and anxious that I would arrange matters so as to return to N. York with him—but he will go too

¹⁸⁸ John Julius Pringle (1753-1843).

quick for me. I want to see men and things as it will be my only time.

This house is frequented by several Northern gentlemen—I found a Dr. Cooke,¹⁸⁹ who married Wolcotts daughter, and who has been travelling for his health, and by the way my own health has not been so good for the last 4 years—I have experienced nothing of the headache and my cheeks have but little of the pale and sickly hue which has been attributed to them. I think this trip has been of infinite service to me in that respect. In fact you can't estimate the value of health, and if I retain mine—I shall be able to accomplish more than I have for 2 years past, in 6 months.

I went to meeting this morning with Mrs. Barnard, and spent the afternoon with Mr. Bissell¹⁹⁰ over the dinner table. I shall take tea with Mrs. Pringle. . . .

Charleston May 9th 1833.

My Dear B.

I have pretty much determined to take the Steam Boat David Brown on Saturday. I have passed my time very pleasantly indeed. I went over to Sullivan's Island on Monday—it is 6 miles from the city—the island is a sand bank—covered with the Palmetto, formerly known as the *Cabbage* tree, and the chosen emblem of Nullification—it is full of summer residences, and the beach toward the sea is splendid, hard and smooth—It forms one of the finest drives and walks in the evening you can well imagine.

The fort is now in pretty good state of preservation and defense—Considerable work was done upon it during Nullification times—but two companies are stationed there now. Major Wordeman¹⁹¹ is the commandant of the station—I took a letter to him from Mr. Poinsett. I took dinner on Tuesday at Mr.

¹⁸⁹ Dr. Cooke who married Wolcott's daughter has not been identified

¹⁹⁰ Mr. Bissell has not been identified.

¹⁹¹ Major Wordeman has not been identified.

Grimke with a small party—and tea the same evening with my classmate Burden.¹⁹²

I took tea last evening with Mrs. Pringle—I was treated most cordially in that family, which you know is one of the most respectable in the city.

There is a great deal of sensitiveness on the subject of slavery in this part of the country—It has been strengthened by the proposition in the British Parliament to Emancipate all the slaves in the British West Indies. The injudicious publications at the North, give some color to the charge, that we are disposed to interfere with the domestic relations of the South. I am convinced if that suspicion should become general there would be a unanimous rallying on the part of the South. A convention of the Slave holding States would be held, and the question of Union be agitated and decided positively.—

It is the opinion of the many distinguished men here that S. Carolina has suffered more from the operation of Nullification, than she ever did or could from the Tariff.

The mail will close soon—I have only to say if I do not take the David Brown on Saturday you will hear from me somewhere in the Blue Ridge, Va. I am determined not to leave this section of the Country unseen, as it is my last chance.

Charleston, May 11th 1833.

My Dear Brother—

This day is fixed for my departure—but what will be the mode of my Egress I cant say, whether by water or by land—and if by water, whether in the Steam Boat or in the Brig Lara for Old Point Comfort. You will hear of the result either from N. York or Norfolk.

I spend my time principally in visiting and calling on men whose opinions may be valuable. I dined yesterday with my classmate Burden—his father is a planter and lives in the healthy season on one of the neighboring Islands—He had not

¹⁹² Thomas Legare Burden (A. B., Yale College, 1830) (1812-1854) practiced law and later medicine in the neighborhood of Charleston.

yet moved his family to the city—of course he keeps bachelor's Hall—But he served up a grand dinner to a small party—first came a calves head stew as soup—then fish fried or boiled—roast veal and ducks, with Irish and Sweet potatoes—boiled rice (an article of which you can form no opinion from what we ordinarily meet with in the North) and fine bread—peas and beets—turnips and salad. Then came the desert—another fruit—fine large oranges—pineapple—plantain and bananas (tropical fruits which I have never seen at the North but which resemble the richest pear in flavor)—apples—raisons and almonds—prunes and ground nuts and to wash down the whole or each the finest claret, sherry and maderia wine.

We adjourned a little after 7 after taking a good cup of coffee—I called on Mr. Buckley with Dodd—and afterwards on Mrs. Barnard. Mrs. B. will sail this afternoon at 3 for N. York in the Steam Boat.

Charleston Harbor.

Monday Night—

I made an attempt in the Brig Laura on Saturday at 1 o'clock to make my escape from Charleston—The wind has been blowing for near two weeks from the North East, and of course is unfavorable to vessels getting out of this Harbor. We beat down to the bar about 12 miles from the city, but found the water too low to pass—of course we came back and anchored in the Road—5 miles from the city, very much to my mortification. It was provoking, and yet a grand sight, to see the Steam Boat David Brown, sweep by us against the wind, against the tide with her eighty passengers on board. As we turned our bows to the city how bitterly did I regret that I had not taken passage aboard of her but it was too late, there she was puffing and blowing a mere speck in the far off distance. Before this reaches you, or even it goes to the office, you will hear, I hope, of her safe arrival in N. York. Mrs. Barnard is in her, with her children. She is a very superior woman—and you must do what you can to make her stay agreeable. But to myself—We lay in this spot surrounded by some 30 or 40 sails in the same predicament

as ourselves, till yesterday noon—We moved up nearer the city, and I spent the evening with Burden—if I could have got my trunk I would quit for good. I came aboard this morning at 5—and as soon as the pilot boarded us, off we started for the Bar—but here again we could not get out—so we anchored just inside the Bar, and such a sickening time you can imagine—As for myself I stood it like an old seaman—feeling a little qualmish now and then but that was all, saving the vexation of the delay—at 3 the wind blew so strong the rain fell so fast, and the coming night looked so threatening, that the pilot thought it was not safe to attempt getting out, and we again dropped into this comparatively quiet anchorage ground. The night is very black and thick and it is well that we did not succeed in getting out. I have at this time no fancy for encountering a storm. I shall send this letter ashore by the pilot as soon as we make our clearance over the Bar—and will write you the first land I make—

Tuesday morning—

We are careering gloriously through the waters this morning—a fine breeze has sprung up from the west and if we are in time for the tide, we shall be at Old Point Comfort in a few days—This letter will go with the pilot.

It is most glorious sailing—there are more than 40 sail glancing by in directions.

I must go up and enjoy the sight. . . .

Old Point Comfort May 17th 1833.

My Dear Brother.

Here I am again on the firm earth, after 6 days experience of head winds—no winds—heavy swells and hard blows. I sent a letter by the Pilot, which you have probably received ere this—we were there on the eve of crossing the Bar. We had a fine wind—the sea dashed proudly yet fearfully in breakers over the shoals and we passed onto the bosom of the Great Deep in fine style. Nearly all were sick, however. The same favorable wind hurried us over the waters till about 4 in the afternoon—it then began to slacken and before morning died away

in a perfect calm. The sea was rolling about in consequence of the late Easterly winds, and our Brig was constantly making its drunken, sickening lurches, which was quite stomach stirring. It did not however raise me to the vomiting point. We had 12 passengers. The cabin was small, and my berth was too short by a foot. The fare was miserable. But to my "log." Wednesday about 3 P. M. a fresh breeze sprung up in our beam, and we [were] careening over the waters most gaily—Towards morning as the wind seemed to slaken the Captain altered our course for the Gulf Stream, in order if we were calmed, we might have the benefit of the current which you know is between 2 or 3 knots per hour. In the forenoon it was almost a dead calm but about noon the wind freshened till it blew almost a gale—The Brig bowed before the swelling canvas, and the sea rolled right grandly around us. It was a glorious sight to see the heavy seas break in emerald and snow upon the deck. It had not entered into my mind to conceive the grandeur of the sea by night. The Brig seemed to be moving in a field of light. The waves as they were dashed away from our prow, seemed to fall in a shower of light upon the waters: and as they broke a little way from the ship, their tops seemed tipped with fire.

Last evening we passed Cape Hatteras, far away to the West—its locality was distinctly marked by a black cloud that lowered over it. About 10 this morning we descried land between Cape Hatteras and Henry—about 3 we made Cape Henry—we were becalmed off its point—the breaking of the surf upon its beach came with a fearful and ominous distinctness to our ears and the sight of a wrecked schooner high and dry upon the shore did not heighten the beauty of the scene. We came slowly up the Bay and were landed from the Brig about 8 this evening and here I am in a very comfortable Hotel scrawling off this note—To-morrow morning after surveying the fortress and paying my respects to Black Hawk, I will finish this sheet—

Good night. My head is swimming yet, and I seem to tread upon the unsteady deck of the Brig.

Saturday.

After breakfast I called on Col. Eustice,¹⁹³ the commandant of this station, to whom I had letters from Mr. Poinsett. He treated me very politely introduced me to several of the officers—one of whom went with me over the whole fortress—it is a stronghold, indeed—It encloses an area of 70 acres and is constructed of the toughest granite. It is to be guarded by 360 guns and when well manned, will require 5000 soldiers—Fort Calhoun is a mile directly out—The foundation you know is made by throwing in large masses of granite. The work is suspended awhile, till the foundation has become more settled. It will be mounted with near 300 guns—In the course of our survey we called at the room where Black Hawk—the Prophet—three sons and two other Indians are housed. Black Hawk¹⁹⁴ took my hand most cordially, as well as his sons—He and his sons have fine open countenances—open—with the peculiar features of their faces not very distinctly marked—Black Hawk says the Whites, when they crowd in to gaze on him, are like mosquitos, in summer time, as numerous and annoying. They were all very much struck with the strength of the Fortress. They appear to be pretty well contented—that is, as well as a well fed eagle caged—His countenance however betrays no emotion—Two of them were playing cards the first time I went in—the rest were lounging on their beds with the exception of Black Hawk, who never loses himself in that way. People are constantly flocking in to gaze on the warrior, whose name has spread such terror through the hearts of Western Mothers.

Sully the portrait painter has been taking their likenesses—they were very much displeased at that.

Norfolk, Sunday—

I came up to this place in the afternoon—called on Dr.

¹⁹³ Col. Eustice was probably Col. Abraham Eustis.

¹⁹⁴ Black Hawk (1767-1838) he had been defeated and taken prisoner in the war which bears his name, on August 27, 1832. He was confined in Fortress Monroe until June 8, 1833.

Selden insisted upon my going to a wedding party with him in the evening—and so indeed I did, and was there ushered into a room crowded with beauty—Norfolk you know is famous for its pretty girls, and here was the flower of them. The party assembled about nine and broke up soon after eleven—ice cream strawberries—cherries—cakes of every variety—lemonade—wine—cordials etc. etc. were in constant circulation—about eleven the party assembled round the table in the dining hall—which was loaded with fruits etc. etc. I enjoyed myself mightily—I shall call on Mr. Tazewell to-day to whom I have a letter from Mr. Grimke. If I go out to the Nat. Bridge, I shall take the Boat to-night for Richmond. Accidents excepted I shall be in Hartford in 12 days.

Richmond May 21st 1833

My Dear Brother

I addressed you a few lines from Norfolk on Sunday—I attended a wedding party, as I think I informed you on Saturday—The Miss Smith, of whom I made mention as peculiarly a beautiful lady, I have understood since, is accounted *the* beauty of Va. I dined on Sunday at Dr. Selden's when I again met Miss S. I was very much disposed to remain longer in Norfolk, in part to see Mr. Tazewell, to whom I had letters and who was absent from the city. But at 7 o'clock I went aboard the Patrick Henry, and the next morning I was in Petersburg. I expected to have been landed at Jamestown, and so visited Williamsburg and Yorktown—two spots intimately connected with the History of this State and the whole country—But the Captain was obstinate. I passed Shirley with regret that I could not see that superior Lady, Mrs. Carter, and her polite and hospitable husband.

I glided like a ghost into Mr. Campbell's doors, but was received with the same home like kindness, with which I was before treated. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were quite well—Miss Betty had been quite indisposed but was very much better—Alexander was as brighteyed, laughter loving, laughter creating

lad as ever. I called on Mr. Robbins—found them all quite well there—took tea there—have got letters for Uncle's family—say as much to them if you please and add that I expect to stretch my lazy length on their old sofa soon. In the evening I took the stage for Richmond and judge of my pleasure in having Mr. Ruffin ¹⁹⁵ a companion on the way. Mr. R is a very superior man. He is about publishing an agricultural Journal, which I have no doubt will be of essential service to this Southern country.

We reached Eagle Hotel about 2 in the morning—and after thundering at every door till we awoke the neighborhood, we at length effected an entrance. In the morning Mr. R. introduced me to several gentlemen—I found my old friend Dr. Cooke, ¹⁹⁶ who took me to see what was interesting, the large flour mills in one of which 10 run of stone will soon be in operation, turning out about 600 barrels of flour per day—a nail factory etc. etc. Richmond looks ten times more interesting now than it did when I was here before. The scenery around is of the highest order of beauty—picturesque—woodland water &c etc, a rare combination of hill, water and woodland. But my former description was sufficiently minute.

I was sorry to find that Judge Marshall ¹⁹⁷ was absent from Richmond. I found Gov. Floyd ¹⁹⁸ at home—he is as black as Indian, with a gaunt figure—speaks low and with great slowness—but full of easy and interesting talk—toasted Nullification as the rightful remedy, in as fine a glass of wine as I have tasted lately. etc. etc. I met several gentlemen there. Gov. Floyd leaves town to-morrow—expressed a desire to see me again etc. etc.

¹⁹⁵ Edmund Ruffin, the best agriculturist of his day, edited "Farmers' Register," published in Petersburg, wrote a valuable book on "Calcareous Manures" in his old age. Fired first shot on Fort Sumter in 1861, lived in Prince George's County.

¹⁹⁶ Dr. Cooke has not been identified.

¹⁹⁷ Chief Justice John Marshall.

¹⁹⁸ John Floyd (1783-1837) Democratic Representative 1817-20, Governor 1829-34.

Spent the evening with Mr. Ruffin at Mrs. Warrell,¹⁰⁰ who has a very interesting daughter—she plays and sings delightfully. It is now late I will finish this scrawl in the morning.

Wednesday Evening—

After breakfast I walked about the city seeing etc. etc. at 10 I started in company with Dr. Cooke to make some morning calls on some of his Virginia belles. So in the course of 3 hours I was introduced to some dozen of the finest Ladies in Richmond. I will tell you more about them when I return. I shall leave here in the morning for Charlottesville—visit the Nat. Bridge—Weirs Cave—pass the Valley of the Shenandoah to Harpers Ferry and hurry home.

I am getting *out* at the elbows, and that more essential part the *purse*. So you may look for me in a fortnight. . . .

University of Va. Charlottesville May 25th

My Dear Brother

I left Richmond on Tuesday morning at 3 o'clock and reached this seat of the University at 11 in the night—

It was a very unpleasant day, and the roads were exceptionally bad. Indeed if I had remained a day longer I should not have been able to reach this place in two days, as some of the streams have been rendered impassible by the rains. I have been kept within the walls of the University by the incessant rains. The university buildings are situated on a beautiful eminence, a mile and half from the centre of the village and 3 miles from Monticello, the seat of Mr. Jefferson. It consists of a beautiful range of buildings, built on a hollow square—with a splendid Edifice at one end called the Rotunda—the Capitals were bought in Italy and cost a 1000 dollars each—parallel with this upper range, is a lower range of the same style of buildings—The Professors with their families reside in the college buildings. The students board in the college at what is called the Hotel. I took several meals with them—they bolt

¹⁰⁰ Mrs. Warrell has not been identified.

down their meals as fast as the cadets at Middletown ever did. What should you think of young men bearing the names of our country's distinguished sons, *playing* at marbles—I thought it was something new in the literary way. The students study no text books—hear lectures and are examined on them.

The students do not attend prayers—but the bell rings at 5 in the morning for them to get up and a monitor goes round once a week and if he find them in bed reports them to Board of the Faculty. They are a set of pretty wild fellows generally—principally from Va.—the fact that no religious exercises were introduced into the University here hurt its standing in the community. The students now employ a chaplain to preach to them once every Sunday.

Sunday Evening.

This morning an hour before sunrise started off on foot for Monticello, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. I was anxious to see the sunrise from the Hill—Monticello is one of the spurs of the Blue Ridge, and descended to Mr. J. from his ancestors. He however constructed the present edifice, which is full of little visionary contrivances of which I will tell you more particularly when I get home. Mr. Jefferson you know had the apex of the mountain cut down 3 or 4 ft. But to return, I reached the top of the mountain about sunrise—the sun looked like a ball of fire as it emerged into the misty gloom which was overspread—but soon its ineffectual rays were not able to penetrate it—and the whole prospect in every direction was enshrouded in gloom—I expected to have looked at the prospect and returned to town before breakfast, but here I was fixed—So I sent in a very diplomatic note, accompanying some letter of introduction which I had not as yet delivered. This had the desired effect—Dr. Barclay,²⁰⁰ who is the present proprietor of the estate, and for which he only paid 7,000 dollars, invited me, showed everything about the house—pressed me to take breakfast with him, introduced me to his wife, and his wife's sister and another

²⁰⁰ Dr. Barclay purchased Monticello from the Jefferson estate.

young Lady—But the worst of it was, I did not expect to see any company so I went in dishabille, in my worst toilet (and my best dress is now in a very low estate)—I was in rather a sorry plight, but that did not damp the warmth of their hospitality and kindness.

Soon after breakfast the mist began to disappear, and the top of the highest mountain began to emerge out of the floating sea of gloom—O it was a grand sight to see the mist roll up from the side of the mountain and gradually unfold a more glorious landscape than was ever exhibited in any scenic representation. On the North and West the eye ranges along the Blue Ridge for more than 100 miles, its nearest approach is within 20 miles. The range is composed of every variety of form—on the other side a fine champaign country is outspread like a map and which is limited only by the imperfectness of the eye. The grounds are planted with variety of forest tree—the present proprietor is now cultivating the mulberry, and the silk worm.—In the course of the forenoon we, that is the Ladies and myself made an excursion onto the garden—here were fine beds of Strawberries (I forget whether I have mentioned the fact, but I have had strawberries for dinner in every place since I left Savannah) and numerous trees of ripe cherries, black hearts and red hearts. The garden is very extensive and the end of it reposes the remains of Jefferson. There is as yet no monument erected over him, the author of the Declaration of Independence needs no monument.

When the bell for morning service at the University came floating up the mountain, I could not but contrast even the beautiful rotunda with the immense temple in which I stood.

How poorly did its made by hand well proportioned dome—its exquisitely wrought capital, and its well proportioned parts, contrast with this glorious temple in which I stood and which the Spirit of the Universe had reared for its own presence—whose sunless pillars were sunk deep in earth by his creative word, and whose asure arch was bent in the hollow of his own right hand. As the light mist gradually floated up

into the blue sky, it rolled up like clouds of incense from the tall altars of the world. What need of speakers. I felt within my own soul a spirit too strong for words, proclaiming, that the Lord was indeed in his holy temple, let the whole world keep silence before him, and what a temple—

Staunton, Va. June 1st 1833

My Dear Brother—

The last letter I wrote you from Charlottesville on Sunday last, concluded with my intention to leave that place for the *Cave* on Monday. I was all prepared, but the stage did not call for me. This was for the time, a sore disappointment— But I rejoice at it now—For I concluded afterwards to visit Mr. Madison—I could not think of leaving that region without paying my respects to the most interesting man in our Country. Accordingly I agreed to accompany Dr. Conway²⁰¹ on Tuesday morning. We started about 6—and rode 17 miles, through a highly cultivated country (passing fields of wheat of from 300 to 1000 acres) to Gov. Barbers,²⁰² formerly our minister to England. Gov. Barber is one of the wealthiest men in the State. He owns 8000 acres of land—4000 under cultivation, 2000 of which is under his own direction—he has over 100 slaves. His residence is delightful, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the public road, (like all planters houses). He has probably the finest Garden in Va. I was introduced by Dr. Conway. Gov. B. gave orders to have our horses put out. We did not intend to stop long, but the sight of his beautiful daughter, about 20—who has spent 2 years in Europe—been all over this country, over persuaded us—and we remained till dinner. The dinner was in true Virginia style. At one end, (before Miss Cornelia) was a large urn of soup—at the other, a large, fine Ham—on each side, a roast pig—a boiled mutton, and *fried* chicken, (the greatest luxury in the world)—besides jellies—

²⁰¹ Dr. Conway has not been identified.

²⁰² James Barbour (1775-1842) Senator from Virginia, 1815-25, Secretary of War 1825-28, Minister to England 1828-29.

potatoes, beets, etc, etc. At each end of the table stood a bottle of the finest, and oldest Maderia, I ever tasted—The desert was pudding—cherry pie—and strawberries, cream and sugar. We very reluctantly left Gov. B. about 4. It was now 10 miles to Pres. Madison. He lives about 1 mile from the road. His house is situated on a slight eminence—which commands a beautiful view of the Blue Ridge for half the Horizon. Dr. Conway did not accompany me to the house, as he was to ride 10 miles further that night.

I was furnished by Mr. Grimke with a letter to the Ex. President. I presented at the door—Mrs. Madison came to me. I knew her from the portrait which I had frequently seen. She is quite a large woman, about 50, and even now extremely beautiful. I presented her the letter—she invited me in—conversed with me awhile—then took the letter to Mr. M. After showing me the beauties of the prospect around she took me to Mr. M.'s room and introduced me. Mr. M. was lying on the bed—he shook me very cordially by the hand—spoke in a very firm voice, I felt as though I was in the presence of a *patriarch*. He is, you know 80 years old—his eye is bright—his voice firm—and his face scarcely wrinkled, tho, his cheeks are fallen. He has been confined to his house for nearly two years, by a diffusive rheumatism. His health is very much better. He walks about the house a good deal.

After conversing with him for nearly an hour I made a move to depart—but they would not hear to that, and come to look my horse had already been put in the stable.

I spent the whole evening till near 10 o'clock in his room, highly entertained and interested by his conversation. I took a glass of his rich old Maderia—shook hands with him as I went to bed. We did not get up till 7—and Mr. M. had been to breakfast. Mrs. M. and myself sat down to the table—fine coffee—cold boiled ham—herring—warm and cold bread and tea constituted the repast. Mrs. Madison is a very interesting Lady, and her manners are the most sweet, graceful and dignified I ever saw. She is almost worshipped by her friends, and loved by those who see her once. She showed me all over the

house—the busts of nearly all our great men—four portraits by Stuart. The walls of every room are hung with paintings and engravings.

It rained in the morning and as the weather was unsettled they would not hear of my leaving. I spent 3 hours in Mr. M.'s room—He conversed with great ease, and expresses himself with inimitable clearness and precision, on every subject.

My visit to Mr. Madison was worth the whole expense of my journey. I will be particular when I see you. I returned to Charlotte that night.

The next morning I was left again by the stage much to my chagrin, as soon as I got up I went down to the other Tavern—*cursed* a little bit—made them refund fare.—hired a horse (which will make my expense in this region one half less) for 6 days and the owner is to send for him at Staunton, and left at 10 A. M. on Thursday (yesterday) for Weirs Cave—30 miles distant—I lost my road 3 times, travelled 40 miles till I was tired to death—and stayed at a gentleman's house 2 miles from the cave—for which he would take nothing—reached the cave before breakfast—after breakfast, I explored the cave for more than four hours, and such a scene I never expected to see. It surpasses in sublimity the Falls of Niagara. You proceed more than a half mile underground, but such a succession of brilliant rooms—of grand columns you can form no idea of. I am writing a full description of it—which I will send you, and which you may publish if you please in the Review.

I left the cave about 12—started for this place about 2 and reached it about 5—distance 18 miles.

I spent the evening at Dr. Stribling,²⁰³ to whom I had letters where I met a small party. I shall leave here in the morning for the Nat. Bridge, horseback, 35 miles.

[Another letter]

I should not regret my visit to this part of Virginia if I could not carry back with me any thing but the recollection of the

²⁰³ Dr. Stirling of Stanton has not been identified.

last two days. I parted with Dr. C. at path which extends [through] the woods and brought me soon to the enclosing line of his plantation—the road to the house was an almost imperceptible rise through a fine waving and rippling field of grain—I approached the house with the consciousness of a supreme feeling—a mysterious kind of expectation—that I was to be introduced into the presence of the men of 76—the high souled, single hearted patriots of our best days.

I felt as though something not of the present time was to appear and so it was.

The location is extremely beautiful—there are but few trees in front of the house—but the house fronts on a most delightful view of the Blue Ridge, with luxuriantly wooded summit there cannot be a more delicious rest for the eyes. * * *

During the past two years, a diffusive rheumatism has confined him mostly to his room and bed. But his sickness has found all that alleviation, which judicious thoughtfulness could minister. It must be a peculiar felicity of his domestic life to have such a wife, to shed a “chaste and mellowing charm over the evening of his days” to minister with unwearying tenderness to his wants, to watch even his wishes.

After doing so much to give stability to the constitution—after having been so long in public life, he has returned to the ancestral home—his public labors over—having enjoyed all the honors the country could bestow for his patriotic devotion—to indulge in the blessed retrospect of a well spent and honored life, looking out from the loophole of his retreat for which he shall do much to make happy and prosperous. He lives with a patriarchal simplicity in his manners, the object of a nations graceful remembrance & affection, the loving monument of a heroic age of country—I was to see almost the last living relic of that age of great men—

I was conducted into his bedroom—I found him reclining on a bed, a book lying on the other pillow he wore a loose robe about him, and had a cap or handkerchief tied low around his head. I was surprised to find in a countenance, such a clear, fresh smooth complexion amidst the attenuation of such

extreme old age. His face was little wrinkled—time has planted one or two lines on the cheek, but it is with a light and reverential finger.

The eye still burns with that mild, bright light. I knew her from her numerous portraits—and her majestic appearance. Mrs. Madison is still beautiful—she wore a . . . around her head, and dressed high in the neck—It was a delightful thing to see this venerable two spending the quiet evening of their days—away from the turmoil—It was a rich luxury to hear him talk over the feelings of times to which he is almost alive if not a stranger—He conversed freely on some of the literary topics of the day, I was filled with delight and admiration by this uncommon display of the elasticity and strength of his intellect at his very advanced age.

High as my opinion of Mr. Madison was, I returned with with every point confirmed. There was an easy, transparent flow of conversation, so cheerful and so unambitious, as to make no demands on your admiration or allegiance.

There was an infantile simplicity in his manners. It was like an old patriarch—which put you immediately at your ease. He still enjoys the full and free use of his faculties, old age seems only to have shed, a chaste and mellowing charm over his thoughts and feelings.

His language was always simple—His manner is rather stern, but in conversation, they [*sic*] are lighted up by the most pleasing and winning smile.

The stores of his conversation were inexhaustible—He still takes an interest in his own Virginia—spoke of the scheme which is now agitating in Virginia, as opening a new artery through her constitution.—

Staunton Thursday June 5th

My Dear Brother—

This is probably the last letter I shall write you, unless it be one from Harper's Ferry and unless accidents prevent I shall follow close on the heels of this. Now that I have set my face homewards in very deed, my desire to reach there is feverish.

I do not intend however to hurry over much of interest that remains between here and home.

I left this place on the morning of Saturday last—rode 34 miles to Major Alexander,²⁰⁴ 2 miles out of Lexington where I spent the night. He is a brother of Dr. Alexander of Princeton. After breakfast I rode into Lex. It has the finest scenery I ever saw—The place is about as large as Farmington—attended church in the morning—took a seat among 2 beautiful Ladies—It happened very luckily that I had a letter to their Brother, Mr. Bowyer²⁰⁵—dined with Mr. Caruthers,²⁰⁶ a very intelligent merchant—in the afternoon I mounted my horse intending to ride out 8 miles, but called on the way at Mr. Bowyer, the father and read the letter, thinking it was directed to him and so introduced me to his family—He has one of the finest estates this side of the Blue Ridge—worth from 150, to 200,000\$. His mansion is situated on an eminence near the centre of it. I found it impossible to get away till the next morning at 10. I reached the Natural Bridge early in the afternoon, it is 14 miles from Lexington. This Bridge is about the greatest single view I ever saw. It crosses a deep chasm 300 ft. deep and about 200 ft. wide. The height from the water to what would be the keystone of the arch is about 240 ft. The arch springs up as gracefully and as smoothly as though it had been built after the nicest rules of art, and yet there it stands “rock ribbed and ancient as the Sun” and not made with hands. As you look up from below, a man looks not larger than an infant on the brow of the arch. This Bridge is used as a great thoroughfare. I will describe it minutely on my return. I spent two hours on the Bridge, there had been 30 visitors there before me. I was now within 150 miles of the Peaks of Otter, the highest land South of the Delaware in the U. States, and I could not turn my back upon them—So about 5 P. M., I started off through a little byepath for a ferry on James River 5 miles

²⁰⁴ Major John Alexander lived in Fincastle (d. 1853) see James W. Alexander's "Life of Archibald Alexander," p. 530.

²⁰⁵ Bowyer lived in Fincastle.

²⁰⁶ Mr. Caruthers has not been identified.

distant crossing that I passed on 3 miles over bad roads and put up over night at a Mr. Owens ²⁰⁷—He told me many anecdotes of John Randolph, and Jefferson—These Virginians wont take anything for their hospitality—So about 4 or 5, I started up the mountain—The road lay along or rather across a brisk noisy stream which I crossed 27 times before I reached its source, sometimes plunging in up to the horses belly—It is unpassable after a rain—The roads were hardly passable as it was—I reached the top of the “pass” between the two peaks about 9 and there they stood with their summits in the clouds—It was unfortunate a thick mist lay upon the whole country, but about eleven the sun began to disperse the clouds, I commenced the ascent 1 mile “right up”—I rode part of the way—The top is not more than 15 ft. diameter, and is covered with fragments of rock—one fragment, weighing more than 1 ton was torn from its resting place, by means of gunpowder some years since—it crushed every thing before it—but at last plunged into a defile when it stopped— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile down.

When I reached the top I could not see 2 ft. before me—I wrapt myself in my cloak and lay down upon the rock vexed enough to weep—I remained there an hour and half and was just going down when a fresh breeze springing up gave no time to the vapor, and threw it into the most magnificent display I ever witnessed—It looked like an immense sea, and as it swept off, opening views into the blue sky, and the dark green of the earth, it was like the exhibition of a “new Heaven and a new Earth.” It lasted but a few moments. The clouds however exhibited their wonders for an hour longer, about 3 hungered and disappointed I descended the mountain, and after devouring in vexation, near a whole *fried* chicken I mounted my horse, and rode till near 9 in the evening, within 3 miles of the Bridge—It was so dark I could not get further, and I called on a very intelligent man to accomodate me and my horse for the night, and so he did, but would receive nothing. This is the way they do things in Virginia. I rode before Breakfast to

²⁰⁷ Mr. Owens has not been identified.

the Bridge, spent 2 hours in looking at it from every point of view with 2 or 3 strangers.

Rode to Mr. Bowyer's to dinner, bid the kind and beautiful souls goodbye—spent 3 hours in Lexington, seeing "folks"—then rode out 17 miles—I was fearful it would rain to-day, but by starting early I reached here 20 minute before a tremendous thunder storm came on. I shall ride my horse out to the Cave tonight, and take the stage to-morrow for Harper's Ferry at 12 o'clock—I expect to reach that place on Saturday night—and by the next Saturday night to be at home.

Harpers Ferry Sunday June 8th.

My Dear Brother—

I wrote you a few hasty lines from Staunton but as I have travelled with the mail, this letter will be likely to reach you as early as that, I rode out to the Cave again, after date of my last letter in company with the owner of the horse, who wished me to go along with him—visited the Cave and was as much interested as on my first entrance. I have got some splendid specimens if I can get them home safe—they will give you some idea of the beauty and splendor of its spar. I am afraid however the bad roads will break off the more delicate branches.

I took the stage as it came along 10 miles from Staunton. The road lay along the valley of the Shenandoah, which you know is celebrated for its fertile and well cultivated farms.

On Sunday, Barnard went from Harpers Ferry to Frederick, on Monday from Frederick to Baltimore and on Tuesday from Baltimore to Philadelphia. Wednesday night found him in New York whence he wrote his last letter.

My Dear Brother

This is my last, and it shall be short and sweet—I shall be home before Saturday night is gone health and life permitting—I reached this city this evening—I think I will look upon the

parade which the Jackson men are making for the Hero, tomorrow, and it may be on Friday—take the boat to New Haven early Saturday morning, and the mail stage for Hartford at night—

My health is good except I am tired this evening— * * *

He spent Thursday night in New York, Friday night in New Haven and was in Hartford before Saturday evening.

CROMWELL FAMILY.

A POSSIBLE CROMWELL CLUE

FRANCIS B. CULVER

Authorities disagree with respect to the origin of the Cromwell family of Maryland. The favorite hypothesis traces this family back to Sir Oliver Cromwell of Hichen Brook, Knight, an uncle of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England. Sir Oliver had a son, Henry Cromwell¹ who, it is claimed, came to Virginia in 1620, returned to England, where he married, and had issue: William, John, Richard, and Edith Cromwell, the immigrants to Maryland.

There is *no evidence* to support this claim, neither is there evidence tending to substantiate a claim that the Maryland Cromwells were related in any degree, immediately or remote, to the family of the illustrious Oliver whose ancestral surname was originally Williams. It is fair to state, however, that Thomas Cromwell (1680-1723) of Maryland, a son of William Cromwell, the immigrant, gave the name Oliver to one of his sons.

There were other Cromwell families in England, as acceptable as any of the Hichen Brook line, albeit less renowned, among which we may, perhaps, discover the progenitor of the Cromwells of Maryland. A certain family bearing this surname resided in Wiltshire during the seventeenth century, and

¹ The baptismal name of Henry is "conspicuous for its absence," among the earlier Maryland Cromwells.

it possesses a special interest in the present instance by reason of the duplication of certain baptismal names, peculiar to the English family, in the Maryland family of Cromwell.

The latter settled in the Province prior to 1670. At least, two members of this family, William and John Cromwell, were in Maryland before that year, it is certain. The other two members, Richard and Edith Cromwell, arrived a few years later, perhaps. At any rate, the earliest mention of them in the provincial records is of a later date. We know that William, John, and Richard were brothers, and Edith was their sister.

The name of Cromwell, however, occurs quite early in the Maryland records. One Gershom Cromwell, planter, immigrated to the Province in 1653, accompanied by his wife Ann, and his daughter Rebecca Cromwell, and six years later patented a tract of land containing 300 acres, called "Cromwell." This tract is described as "lying on the east side of Chesapeake Bay, beginning at a marked oak standing upon a point called Cromwell's Point, near the mouth of a creek called Harris Creek . . . running to a creek called Island Creek, on the west side of said creek, running south and by west into Choptank Bay," etc. (Talbot County Rent Rolls: Annapolis, Warrant Book iv. 49, 239, 363). Gershom Cromwell was a witness under the will of Thomas Hawkins, dated 2 Oct. 1656 (Annapolis, Testamentary Proceedings III. 278). We know nothing further concerning Gershom Cromwell or his descendants.

In Virginia also, the name of Cromwell occurs very early. A certain John Abercrumway [Abercrombie], of York County, Virginia, in his will dated 4 April 1646, mentions "my countryman William Crumwell" [Va. County Records (by Crozier) vi. 15], and a Mary Crumwell appears to have been transported into Virginia by John Nicholls, Northampton County, in 1655 (Greer's "Early Virginia Immigrants," page 84).

We shall notice first, the four Cromwells mentioned above, in the order named, and then direct our attention to the Wiltshire family already mentioned as showing the same baptismal names as the Maryland Cromwells.

WILLIAM CROMWELL OF MARYLAND

WILLIAM CROMWELL arrived in Maryland in 1667, according to his own statement. He appears first in Calvert County, but soon removed to Ann Arundel County, taking up land on

the south side of the Patapsco River, on the west side of Curtis Creek. He possessed lands also in old Baltimore County, where he resided, being known as William Cromwell "of Baltimore County." According to the records, on 8 Oct. 1679, "came William Cromwell of Baltimore County, and proved his right to 50 acres of land for transporting himself into this Province to inhabit twelve years since." A land warrant was issued to him the same day (Annapolis, Warrant Book WC. No. 2, 11.)

It appears, however, that on 4 June 1670, one Henry Hosier² of Calvert County, merchant, proved his rights to 1050 acres of land "for transporting into this Province to inhabit," twenty-one persons, among whom were William and John Cromwell (Annapolis, L. O. XII. 554). Again, on 11 March 1671, a certain Benoni Eaton claimed rights to land for transporting into the Province eleven "servants," among whom was one Will: Cromwell (*ibid.* XVI. 439). Benoni Eaton assigned his rights to George Robotham of Calvert County (*ibid.*).

Benoni Eaton was a ship captain, a member of the English house of Benoni Eaton and Company (Annapolis, Provincial Court Records, MM. 602), and styles himself in his will, dated 1 June 1675 and proved 31 May 1677, "Benoni Eaton of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey" (Va. Mag. XIV. 88). In 1679, Deborah Eaton of "Rederith" near London, widow, relict and executrix of Benoni Eaton, late of London, "mariner," is mentioned (Annapolis, *Liber* WRC-No. 1; 146, 155). I am not aware that any relationship between this Benoni Eaton and the Eatons of New England has been suggested. Savage mentions a Nathaniel Eaton (b. 1609), of Cambridge, Mass., who fled to Virginia, but returned to New England. He was a brother of Hon. Theophilus Eaton of New Haven, Conn., and had a son named Benoni Eaton, a Cambridge, Mass., man, who married Rebecca —, and died in 1690, according to Savage.

On 16 Dec. 1670, George Yate of Ann Arundel County, Md., Deputy Surveyor, for a valuable consideration, etc., assigned to John Cromwell and William Cromwell, both of Calvert County, planters, all his right, title, and interest to and in a certain warrant to the extent of 300 acres of land, the same being part of a warrant for 615 acres granted to the said George Yate on

²Henry Hosier was a witness under the will of Sampson Waring of Calvert County, in 1663. He removed to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and was a "Commissioner" for Kent County in 1675, and a member of the Maryland General Assembly from Kent, between 1678 and 1686, the year of his death.

12 Dec. 1670. The aforesaid tract of 300 acres was patented by the Cromwells on 1 July 1671, under the name of the "Cromwells' Adventure." It was situated on the south side of the Patapsco, on the west side of Curtis Creek, in Ann Arundel County, being held of the Manor of Ann Arundel (Annapolis, Certificates and Patents xvi. 151: xiii. 80).

On 9 Oct. 1679, William Ball of Baltimore County, who "proved his right to 50 acres of land for transporting himself into this Province to inhabit seventeen years since," assigned his warrant to William Cromwell, by virtue of which the land was granted to the latter under the name of "Hunting Quarter," lying in old Baltimore County, on the south side of Patapsco River, and west of Curtis Creek, "to be held of the Manor of Baltimore." On 20 February 1679 (o. s.), George Holland of Ann Arundel County, for a valuable consideration, assigned to William Cromwell of Baltimore County, 34 acres out of a warrant for 760 acres. These two tracts of land, purchased and acquired by William Cromwell, together with the 50 acres granted him on 8 Oct. 1679, on account of his own transportation, were combined to make up a larger tract of 134 acres, to which was given the name of "Hunting Quarter" (Annapolis, Certs. and Pats. xx. 319: Warrants WC. No. 2; 11, 48).

In 1677, William Cromwell purchased "Mascall's Hope" (100 acres) from John Boring; "David's Fancy" (100 acres) from Rowland Thornburgh in 1680, and part of "South Canton" (84 acres) from Richard Cromwell, *et al.*, in 1682 (Balto. County Deeds IR-PP. 17, 50; IR-MM. 193). On 12 January 1681/2, "Philip's Fancy" (61 acres) was granted to William Cromwell and surveyed to him 1 April 1682 (Balto. County Rent Rolls: Certifs. and Pats. xxi. 499). The latter tract was sold on 26 Dec. 1700, by William Cromwell, Jr., Gent., son of William Cromwell, Gent., the original grantee (Balto. County Deeds HW-No. 2. 69).

The name of William Cromwell occurs in the Annapolis "Testamentary Proceedings" of 1679, to wit: On 12 March 1678/9, George Parker of Calvert County, prayed a citation against William Cromwell and Nicholas Ruxton, both of Baltimore County, "to render a true account of ye goods of Robert Wilson, late of the same county, deceased, which said citation was issued under ye seal, immediately for them to appear, 3 June 1679." Again, on 26 Sept. 1679, "came William Cromwell of Baltimore County, and shewed the Judge here that

Richard Mascall, of ye same county, deceased intestate, and prayed that administration be unto the said Cromwell given." William Davis and William Ball were appointed to appraise the estate, and Thomas Long and William Ball were Cromwell's sureties (*Lib.* x. 365: xi. 89, 198, 212, 315).

There appears to have been some sort of relationship or close friendship between the aforesaid William Ball,³ on the one hand, and William Cromwell and his wife Elizabeth (Trahearne) Cromwell, on the other. The former was a witness under Cromwell's will, probated in 1684, and one of the appraisers of his estate. Ball died in 1685, and in his will dated 10 April 1684, bequeathed personal property to Elizabeth Cromwell, widow of William, and realty in entail to her son William Cromwell, Jr. Richard Cromwell was a witness under the will of William Ball (*Balto. County Wills* i. 65). The Annapolis "Testamentary Proceedings" show that in 1685, Elizabeth Cromwell had become the wife of one George Ashman.

William Cromwell died in 1684. His will was dated 19 June 1680, and filed with the Court on 1 May 1684. He refers to "my executrix, by her maiden name Elizabeth Trahearne, now my dearest and loving wife," to whom he bequeaths a life interest in "Cromwell's Adventure," his dwelling plantation, with 100 acres adjoining called "Mascall's Hope." To his son William, a minor, he devises "Mascall's Hope" when he shall become "of age," and the dwelling plantation after his wife's decease. To his son Thomas, he devises the land on the west side of Curtis Creek called "Hunting Quarter," 134 acres. He mentions *his brother John Cromwell* in the body of the will, and in a codicil appoints *his brother Richard Cromwell* one of the "overseers" with John Willmot. The witnesses under the will were William Ball, Thomas Clark, and Elizth. (Edith?) "Geste" (Gist).

William Cromwell married Elizabeth Trahearne; perhaps, a second wife and, possibly, herself a widow. She married, *circa* 1685, George Ashman (d. 1699). On 6 Aug. 1706, the "additional account" of Thomas Cromwell, administrator of Elizabeth Ashman, deceased, who was executrix of George Ashman, was filed (*Balto. County Admin. Accts.*, ii. 245). William Cromwell had issue:

³ William Ball, who died in 1685, refers in his will to his wife Mary, who had, probably, predeceased him. Is it possible that she was the Mary Crumwell who was transported to Virginia in 1655?

- i. William, b. 1678; d. 1735: m. Mary Woolgist (b. 1674), daughter of Arthur Woolgist, of Whorekill Town, Delaware Bay, by his wife Margaret Johnson, daughter of Aaron Johnson of New Castle, Delaware.
- ii. Thomas, b. 168-; d. 1723: a Quaker: m. 1705, in West River Meeting (Ann Arundel County), Jemima Morgan, daughter of Thomas Morgan, and widow of James Murray.
- iii. Philip, mentioned in the will of George Ashman (d. 1699).
- iv. (?) Joshua, (according to certain authorities).

JOHN CROMWELL OF MARYLAND

JOHN CROMWELL was living in Calvert County in 1670, with his brother William, as we learn from the following certificate for land, issued by George Yate, the Deputy Surveyor: "Know all men by these presents that I, George Yate of the County of Ann Arundell, for a valuable consideration, etc., have granted, bargained and sold, etc., unto John Cromwell and William Cromwell of Calvert County, planters, all my right, title, etc., in a warrant for 300 acres of land, part of a warrant for 615 acres. Dated 16 Dec. 1670.

"By virtue of a warrant granted unto George Yate of the County of Ann Arundell, Gent., for 615 acres of land, bearing date the 12 Dec. 1670, 300 acres thereof being assigned by the aforesaid Yate unto John Cromwell and William Cromwell, both of Calvert County; These are therefore in humble manner to certify that I, George Yate, Deputy Surveyor under Jerome White, Esq., Surveyor General, have laid out for the aforesaid Cromwells a parcell of land lying on the south side of Patapsco River, and on the north side of Curteus (Curtis) Creek in Ann Arundell County, called the "Cromwells' Adventure": Beginning at a bounded white oake standing in a fork of a branch of Curteous (Curtis) Creek, and running by the land of John Browne called "South Canton," west southwest 160 perches to a bounded red oake, then north northwest 320 perches to a bounded red oake, then east northeast to a bounded white oake of Richard Mascall's land, then south southeast to the first bound Tree, containing and now laid out for 300 acres of land more or less, To be held of the Mannor of Ann Arundell. (Signed) George Yate, D. S. (Annapolis, Certifs. xvi. 151). The "Cromwells' Adventure" was patented 1st July 1671.

In 1714, Joshua and William Cromwell made an equal division of this tract between themselves and, in 1725, Joshua Cromwell mortgaged his holdings (150 acres) to Benjamin Tasker (Balto. County Deeds TR-A. 329: IS-H. 181).

In one of the Baltimore County Rent Rolls the following entry appears: "'Cromwell's Adventure,' 300 acres, surveyed 10 [*sic*!] Dec. 1670, to John and William Cromwell on the south side of Patapsco and north side of Curtis Creek (None of the Cromwells claims it)."

That John and William Cromwell were brothers is further corroborated in the testimony of one John Mash, given in March 1727: "John Mash of Baltimore County, aged about 60 years, swears that about 50 years ago [1677] he saw a bounded tree and that he was told by his master, *John Cromwell, and William Cromwell his master's brother*, and John Broad, that the said bounded tree was the beginning line of Mascall's Hope" (Balto. County Court Proc. HWS-No. 3, 6).

John Cromwell died, probably, before 1714, intestate. There appears to be neither record of his marriage nor name of his wife, but according to the late Wilson M. Cary, a careful genealogist, John Cromwell had issue:

- i. Joshua,^{2a} of Baltimore County, "son and heir": d. after 1748: m. Frances Ingram(?)

RICHARD CROMWELL OF MARYLAND

RICHARD CROMWELL is mentioned as the brother of William Cromwell in the codicil to the latter's will, *circa* 1684, and was appointed, by the testator, one of the "overseers" in connection with the management of the estate (Balto. County Wills i. 72). He is referred to as "my brother," *i. e.*, brother-in-law, in the will of Christopher Gist (d. 1691), who had married Edith Cromwell.

The first record of the name of Richard Cromwell in Maryland appears a few years subsequent to the earliest mention of his brothers, William and John Cromwell. This may be accounted for by the supposition that Richard was a younger brother, or that he arrived in the Province later, or both. It is certain that he was of adult age in 1682, when he and Christopher Gist (*circa* 1655-1691), acquired from Robert Clarkson, 245 acres of land called "South Canton," lying on the south side of Patapsco River. In 1686/7, there was assigned to Richard Cromwell, out of a warrant granted to Thomas Lightfoot, a parcel of land called "Cromwell's Addition" (160 acres), adjoining "South Canton."

^{2a} According to some, a son of William Cromwell (d. 1684).

Richard Cromwell was a witness under the will of his brother-in-law Christopher Gist, 17 February, 1690/1, and he appears as administrator of one William Cole's estate in 1691 (Balto. County Court Proc. F-No. 1, 94). In 1694/5, Richard Guest (Gist), "son of Richard [*sic!*] and Edith Guest, late of Baltimore County, deceased, comes in to Court and consents to live with his uncle, Mr. Richard Cromwell," until he arrives at the age of twenty years (*ibid.* G-No. 1, 379).

Under the Act passed 9 June 1692, establishing the Church of England in the Province of Maryland, Richard Cromwell was appointed one of the six original vestrymen of Old St. Paul's Parish, in Baltimore County, as the following record shows:

September Court 1693:—"Wee the Vestrie men for Potapsco Hundred met together att the house of major John Thomas [resolved] that att Pettete's Old Feild was the most convenient Place for to Erect a Church, and also appointed John Gay to be Clerke of the Vestrie, Mr. Watkins, Absent. And att another meeting the Last Saturday in August att Master Demondedie's [Dimondidier's] did confirme the Aforementioned proceedings, Mr. Watkins also Absent." (Signed)

George Ashman	Nicholas Corban
John Ferry	Richard Sampson
Francis Watkins	Richard Cromwell. ⁴

At the March Court of Baltimore County, 1694/5, Thomas Lightfoot son of John and Ann Lightfoot, deceased, comes into Court and agrees to serve "Mr. Richard Cromwell" until twenty one years of age, provided that the said Cromwell take the estate of the said Thomas Lightfoot into his own hands, rendering an account of the same. So ordered (*ibid.* G-No. 1, 384).

Richard Cromwell appears in the list of Baltimore County "Taxables" of 1694, residing on the south side of Patapsco Hundred, with the following "taxables" on his place: namely, Wm. Barber, Jno. Eaglestone, Jno. Robinson, Edw. Russell, and two slaves (*ibid.* G-No. 1, 275). In 1696, he was one of the three Commissioners appointed on behalf of Baltimore County in connection with the matter of establishing the new boundary line between Baltimore and Ann Arundel Counties

⁴Balto. County Court Proc. G-No. 1, 126.

(Balto. County Land Records IS-IK. 86). He was one of his Majesty's Justices in 1696, and was an incumbent of the same office in 1701 (Md. Arch. xx. 466: Annapolis, Prov. Court Proc. TL-No. 2, 322).

On 27 April 1699, Richard Cromwell, Gent., for love and affection, etc., gives personal property to John and Jonas Williams, sons of Jonathan Williams, and on 1 May 1699, he is a witness to a "deed of gift" from Elizabeth Gibson to her son Thomas Gibson (Balto. County Deeds, TR-RA. 343, 347). He was a trustee under the will of James Murray of Patapsco Neck (Md. Hist. Mag. II. 246), and on 30 Sept. 1707, administered upon the estate of Thomas Edmonds, at which date he "affirms" to the account filed (Balto. County Admin. Accts. II. 144). This affirmation does not, necessarily, prove that he was a Quaker, but may, perhaps, indicate that he had conscientious scruples regarding the taking of an oath.

Besides his land holdings already mentioned, there was surveyed to Richard Cromwell, in 1695, a tract of 200 acres called "Cromwell's Range" in Baltimore County, on the north side of the Patapsco, located on "Hunting Ridge." In 1699, Nicholas Fitzsimmons conveyed to Richard Cromwell 300 acres of land called "Cordwainer's Hall"; and in 1705, Richard Gist of Baltimore County, "Carpenter," conveyed to Richard Cromwell of Baltimore County, Gent., the land called "Gist's Rest" (Balto. County Rent Rolls: Land Records).

In addition to the above mentioned lands, Richard Cromwell in 1707 "was possessed" of the following tracts:—"Utopia" (214 acres), surveyed 1670 to Robert Willson for 1320 acres; "Long Point" (250 acres) surveyed 1682 to David Jones; "Welcome" (100 acres) surveyed 1684 to Charles Gorsuch; "Maiden's Dairy" (248 acres) surveyed 1695 to Thomas Hooker (Balto. County Rent Rolls), and "Content" (150 acres) surveyed 1682 to George Saughier, in Ann Arundel County (A. A. Co. Rent Rolls).

The will of Richard Cromwell is dated 17 Aug. 1717, and was proved 23 Sept. 1717. The original is still on file in the office of the Register of Wills, at Baltimore, Md. He leaves personal property to his "cousin," *i. e.* nephew, Joshua Cromwell, to Margaret Rattenbury (his granddaughter) and, in the event of her death, to Hannah Rattenbury (sister of Margaret): also, legacies to his "mother-in-law, Besson," and to Edith Gist, daughter of his "cousin" (nephew) Richard Gist by Zipporah Murray, his wife: he bequeaths £30 and a ring to his "cousin"

(nephew) Richard Gist, a ring to his "brother-in-law" James Phillips, and a ring to his "cousin" (nephew) Colonel Thomas Cromwell: he leaves £10 to Isaac Laroque,⁵ and wearing apparel to Nicholas Besson. To his eldest son Richard (*non compos mentis*) he gives one shilling, with provision for his proper maintenance: to his wife Elizabeth, and "youngest son" John, he leaves the entire estate to enjoy, equally; but if the wife shall marry, she is to receive her "third portion," and in the event of his son John's death, all is to go to Edith Gist, who is to care for the son Richard Cromwell aforesaid. His wife Elizabeth, and "youngest" son John, were appointed executors. The witnesses under the will were William Cromwell, James Jackson, and Jabez Murray (Balto. County Wills i. 144).

The Inventory of the estate, amounting to £1512.13.5¾, was filed 13 Nov. 1717, and was approved by Thomas and Joshua Cromwell (nephews) as "next of Kin" (Balto. Inventories v. 299). On 8 June 1719, the account of "Elizabeth and John Cromwell, executors of Richard Cromwell, late of Baltimore County, deceased," was rendered, wherein they charge themselves with the estate heretofore exhibited in the Prerogative Court, amounting in "currency" to £1512.13.5¾, and also with sterling money in England due the estate £389.8.4 or, in "currency" £519.4.5, and with tobacco made on the plantation amounting, in "currency," to £169.19.8. Payments are credited as having been made to John Rattenbury, Margaret Rattenbury (on account of legacy left to her), to Nicholas Besson (on account of legacy to Margaret Besson), to Richard Gist and his daughter, to Joshua Cromwell and to Isaac Laroque (Balto. Co. Admin. Accts. i. 158). Elizabeth Cromwell makes "affirmation" to the correctness of the aforesaid account, which may indicate that she was a Quaker, or at least had scruples concerning the taking of an oath.

There is a probability that Richard Cromwell married more than once, for he refers in his will to a "brother-in-law" James Phillips. As he also refers to his "mother-in-law Besson" (*i. e.* Margaret Besson, wife of Thomas Besson, and daughter of George Saughier, through whom the tract of land, in Ann Arundel County, called "Content," evidently fell to Richard Cromwell), it is apparent that his last wife, Elizabeth, who sur-

⁵ Formerly a "servant" of Richard Cromwell (Balto. Co. Court Proc. HWS-No. 4, 243).

vived him, was a daughter of Thomas Besson. She was, doubtless, much younger than her husband.

Richard Cromwell had issue:

- i. Richard, *non compos*, unmarried.
- ii. John, d. 5 Aug. 1733: m. Hannah Rattenbury, daughter of Dr. John Rattenbury, of Baltimore County, Md.

EDITH CROMWELL OF MARYLAND

Edith Cromwell was born, probably, about 1660, and was, therefore, quite young when her brothers, William and John Cromwell, settled in Maryland. She married (1) about 1682, Christopher Gist (1655-1691): (2) about 1692, Joseph Williams (1660-1693): (3) about 1693, John Beecher.

On 14 June 1682, Christopher Gist, with Edith his wife, and Richard Cromwell, deed to William Cromwell part of "South Canton" (Balto. County Deeds IR-MM. 193).

In March 1692/3, Edith Williams of Baltimore County, widow, deeds to her son Richard Gist (Balto. County Court Proc. F-No. 1, 360).

In March 1694/5, Richard Guest (Gist), son of Christopher and Edith Guest, late of Baltimore County, comes into Court and consents to live with his uncle "Mr. Richard Cromwell," until 20 years of age (*ibid.* G-No. 1, 379). He was, probably, apprenticed to learn the carpenter's trade, in accordance with a custom of Colonial times (Balto. Land Records IR-P.P., 192).

The will of Edith Beecher [*née* Gist], of Patapsco River, Baltimore County, was dated 23 May 1694 (date of filing in Court is unrecorded). She left her son Richard Gist to the care of her brother Richard Cromwell and Thomas Staley, "to be put to school," etc. (Baldwin's Md. Calendar of Wills iv. 240: Balto. County Court Proc. G-No. 1, 543). Mrs. Edith (Cromwell) Beecher died about 1694/5.

On 27 Aug. 1708, was filed the second additional account, by Benjamin Williams of Ann Arundel County (administrator of Joseph Williams, of Baltimore County, deceased), of the "effects unadministered by Edith Williams otherwise Beecher," wherein reference is made to Richard Cromwell's guardianship of young Gist, son of said Edith (Balto. County Admin. Accts. II. 122).

Edith Cromwell, by her first husband, Christopher Gist, had issue:



- i. Richard Gist, b. 1683: d. 22 Aug. 1741: m. Zipporah Murray. He was styled "Captain Richard Gist," and was 54 years old in 1737 (Ann Arundel Court Records).

We are now sufficiently acquainted with the facts relating to the early history of the Cromwells of Maryland to enable us to consider the Wiltshire Cromwell family, wherein a strikingly similar group of baptismal names will be noticed.

JOHN CROMWELL OF WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND

The will of JOHN CROMWELL, of Malmesbury, Wilts, is dated 23 Dec. 1639. He desires to be buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, in the borough of Malmesbury, and then proceeds to make the following bequests: "To my wife Edith, part of the house I dwell in nexte the Forestreete; viz., the halle, entrey, shoppe and Buttermey wth. Rooms over same, with the garden access to the Backside and to the well for Water, so long as shee the said Edith keep herself in my name, if shee shall not outlive the lease from the Burgess and Burrow of Malmesbury.

"To said Edith also four of the best kine, the best Bedd and furniture, the great Kettle and middle post, all the pewter she brought when I was married to her, all the wood in the Backarde, 100 of cheese and 2 quarters of malte, two fitches of Bacon, and the best fatted Pigg, the Table Board in the Halle wth. frame, 2 Barrells, and use of the Presse in the Halle and all her apparell, lumes, woollen and all my household linen.

"To my sonne Phillipp, 40 shillings to be payd him att his returne into England: To John Crumwell, son of said Phillip Crumwell, £5, and my will is that my wife Edith shall have use of said five pounds to breede and bring up the said John Crumwell untill he is fitt to be placed Apprentice: To Edith, daughter of said Phillipp Crumwell, 20 shillings.

"To my sonne Richard, the rest. My sonne Richard to keep the 6 kine, till 25th March nexte. (Signed, with mark) John Crumwell.

The "overseers" named in the will were Robert Arche, gent., and Thomas Burgess, yeoman: the witnesses were Roger Jarrett, Tho^s Burgess, William Smith. The will was proved at "Chipperton" [Chippenham], where the rectory of Great Somerford is located, on 19 February 1639/1640. The inventory of the estate, dated 20 January 1639/40, was exhibited, on the same day the will was filed, by the aforesaid "overseers" and amounted to £204.16.4 (Archdeaconry of Wilts, filed Wills, 1639, old No. 53).

In the Malmesbury Abbey Church Registers, the originals of which I have had copied, is the following entry under the "Burials": "Buryed ye 27th of December [1639] John Cromwell of this Towne, one of ye Chiefe Burgesses."

The expression "Chief Burgess" is probably the same as the strictly local term of "capital burgess." It refers to the holders of land granted by King Athelstan (died 940 A. D.), to the men of Malmesbury. There are twenty-four capital Burgesses, and they hold a larger section or allotment of land than the ordinary Commoners. There is a field in Great Somerford, Wilts, that is still called "Cromwell's Leaze."

John Cromwell⁶ of Malmesbury, Wilts, died *circa* 25 Dec. 1639: m. Edith⁶ —, and had issue:

- i. William⁶ (perhaps), bpt. 20 Oct. 1605, at Great Somerford, Wilts (no further record).
- ii. Philip,⁶ b. 1610, or 1612, at Malmesbury, Wilts: d. 30 March 1693, at Salem, Massachusetts: m. (1) Margaret — (d. July 1634, at Malmesbury, Wilts): m. (2) 22 Jany. 1634/5, at Malmesbury, Eleanor Cooper: m. (3) Dorothy — (1607-1673), in Massachusetts: m. (4) Mary — (1611-1683), in Massachusetts: m. (5) Margaret — (*vide infra*).
- iii. Richard,⁶ married Elizabeth —, sister of Margaret Baynam (d. 10 Dec. 1642, at Malmesbury). He had a daughter, Mary, bpt. 23 Jany. 1641/2, at Malmesbury. There is no later record of him in the Malmesbury records.
- iv. Thomas,⁶ b. *circa* 1617(?), at Malmesbury, Wilts: d. 17 March 1686, at Salem, Massachusetts: m. *circa* 1640, Anne —, at Malmesbury (*vide infra*).

PHILIP CROMWELL OF WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND, AND SALEM, MASS.

PHILIP CROMWELL, son of John Cromwell (d. 1639) of Wiltshire, was born *circa* 1610-1612, at Malmesbury, Wilts. His age is given as "about 50 years" in 1664, "about 74 years" in 1686 (Essex Institute Hist. Coll. viii. 26: New England H. and G. Register vi. 249), and his gravestone gives his death as occurring 30th March 1693, at the age of 83 years.

He was evidently in New England at the date of his father, John Cromwell's will, 23 Dec. 1639. He had a wife Eleanor (*née* Cooper), whom he had abandoned in England, with her infant son John Cromwell. Both mother and child were domiciled at the home of her father-in-law at Malmesbury.

Philip Cromwell was bequeathed only 40 shillings by his father, "to be payd him att his returne into England." It is

⁶ The reader will notice the recurrence of each of these names among the earliest generations of the Maryland Cromwells.

probable that he had left England *circa* 1639 on account of a certain marital indiscretion.⁷ He was, it appears, a "gay blade," and was married five times. On 3rd of 12th month, 1643, Richard Cromwell and others were presented by the Salem, Mass., Grand Jury for living absent from their wives, and according to the Salem Court Records, on 5 Sept. 1647, Richard Cromwell is mentioned as "living from his wife 7 or 8 years, and not sending her any relief for self or child he left with her." It was ordered that "he be engaged to go over to England to his wife, with liberty to returne if he see cause, etc., before December" (Essex Institute Hist. Coll. xxxix. 367).

Philip Cromwell's occupation is given as wheelwright, and also as butcher or "slaughterer," in Salem. He lived on the south side of Essex Street, between Derby Square and Central Street. In 1664, Philip Cromwell, butcher, conveyed to Major William Hathorne and Mr. Walter Price, feoffees in trust for his wife Dorothy Cromwell, widow of Allen Kenniston (or Kynaston), his house and "slater houses," etc. He was a "freeman" in 1665, and Selectman 1671-1675. He died at Salem, Mass., 30 March 1693, aged 83 years, according to his gravestone, and his estate fell to his only surviving child, John Cromwell.

Philip Cromwell married (1) *circa* 1633, Margaret —, who died and was buried at Malmesbury, Wilts, 15 July 1634: m. (2) on 22 January 1634/5 Eleanor Cooper, at Malmesbury. She died, probably, in England: m. (3) Dorothy —, widow of Allen Kenniston (Kynaston). She died at Salem, Mass., 27 Sept. 1673, aged 67 years (gravestone): m. (4) on 19 Nov. 1674, Mary —, widow of Robert Lemon. She died at Salem, 16 Nov. 1683, aged 72 years: m. (5) Margaret —, widow of John Beckett, who survived him.

His will, filed 4 April 1693 [*Liber* III. 105] mentions his wife Margaret, a brother Thomas Cromwell, and a son John Cromwell. Philip Cromwell had issue:

By 1st wife, Margaret:

- i. John, bpt. 11 July 1634: buried 31 July 1634, at Malmesbury.

By 2nd wife, Eleanor Cooper:

- ii. John,⁸ bpt. 26 June 1635, at Malmesbury, Wilts: d. at Salem, Mass.,

⁷ "Anne Bunch ye base borne Daughter of Ideth Bunch & ye reputed father is Richard Crumwell was baptized the XXVIII Februarie 1638/9" (Malmesbury Abbey Register).

⁸ Savage incorrectly credits this child to Philip Cromwell's wife, Dorothy Cromwell.

30 Sept. 1700, aged "near 65 years" (gravestone): married, at Salem, Mass., Hannah, daughter of Jacob Barney, Sr., who survived her husband.

[There was a John Cromwell, with wife Millicent (d. 25 May 1656, at Malmesbury)].

- iii. Edith, bpt. 9 July 1637: buried 27 May 1642, at Malmesbury.

THOMAS CROMWELL OF WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND, AND
SALEM, MASS.

Thomas Cromwell, son of John Cromwell (d. 1639) of Wiltshire, was born *circa* 1617, at Malmesbury, Wilts. His age is given as 43 years in 1660 (New England H. and G. Register vi. 249). He died 17 March 1686 at Salem, Mass.

"Thomas Cromwell came over later than his elder brother Philip, and in company of his nephew John, whose estates his daughters inherited: *Viz.*, (i) Ann, who m. (1) Benjamin Ager: m. (2) in 1672, David Phippen: (ii) Jane, who married 1665/6, Jonathan Pickering. Thomas Cromwell is called a tailor, in the deed records" (Essex Institute Hist. Coll. xxxix. 367, *et seq.*). He witnesses a will at Salem, Mass., in 1654, and Thomas and Ann Cromwell are witnesses in 1655 (New England H. and G. Register vi. 249).

Thomas Cromwell married *circa* 1640, Ann —, and had the following children, all baptized at Malmesbury, Wilts:

- i. Edith, bpt. 8 Jan. 1643/4: d. 2 February 1643/4, at Malmesbury.
- ii. Thomas, bpt. 16 Sept. 1645, at Malmesbury: d. 16 March 1663, at Salem, Mass.
- iii. Agnes, bpt. 18 March 1646/7, at Malmesbury.
- iv. Jane, bpt. 4 July 1649, at Malmesbury: m. 1665/6, at Salem, Mass., Jonathan Pickering.
- v. A daughter (? Ann), bpt. 18 July 1651: (?) married (1) Benj. Ager: (2) David Phippen.

CONCLUSION

From the foregoing, one may readily see the striking duplication in the baptismal names occurring in these two families—the Cromwells of Maryland and the Crumwells of Wiltshire. These names are William, John, Richard, Edith, Thomas, and Philip. It is true that the majority of these names occur also in the immediate family connection of Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England. In fact, some of these names are in more or less common usage and are not peculiar to any one family, but the name of Edith is sufficiently rare to make its recurrence, along with the other identical baptismal names, a

matter of some importance. When we consider, moreover, that John Cromwell of Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, left sons who had settled in Massachusetts a few years prior to the arrival of the Cromwells in Maryland, and if we may assume that Captain Benoni Eaton, who transported in his ship William Cromwell to Maryland some time prior to 1671, was a relative of the Eatons of Massachusetts, we may have an appreciable collection of circumstantial evidence on which to ground a hypothesis. On the other hand, the claim of the Oliver Cromwell relationship, when critically examined, vanishes into a thing of mist and vapor.

From the foregoing genealogical sketches, it will be observed that two of the recorded sons of old John Cromwell of Malmesbury may be eliminated as possible progenitors of the Maryland Cromwells. We have yet to account for a third known son of John Cromwell, of Wiltshire, Richard Cromwell, whose wife was Elizabeth, and who had a daughter Mary, baptized at Malmesbury Abbey 23 January 1641/2. We next find mention of him in an entry on the register a few months later, in a reference to the burial of "Margaret Baynam, the sister of Richard Cromwell's wife, 10 Dec. 1642." After this date all trace of Richard Cromwell appears to be lost. It may be noted, in this connection, that there exists a seeming tradition which claims a Richard Cromwell, of the Lord Protector's family, as the ancestor of the Maryland Cromwells.

There was, perhaps, a fourth son of John Cromwell, of Wiltshire, William Cromwell, baptized at Great Somerford, Wilts, 20 Oct. 1605. Beyond this reference, however, there appears to be no further mention of him in the local records. We may, therefore, conjecture the possibility of either Richard or William Cromwell, sons of John Cromwell of Malmesbury (d. 1639), being the parent of the four Cromwells who settled in Maryland in the latter half of the 17th century.⁹

I have had copies made from the Cromwell entries in the Malmesbury Abbey Church Register (1626-1670), and in the Bishop's Transcripts, at Salisbury, of the Registers of Great Somerford, Wilts (original records destroyed by fire prior to 1707). The entries are given hereunder.

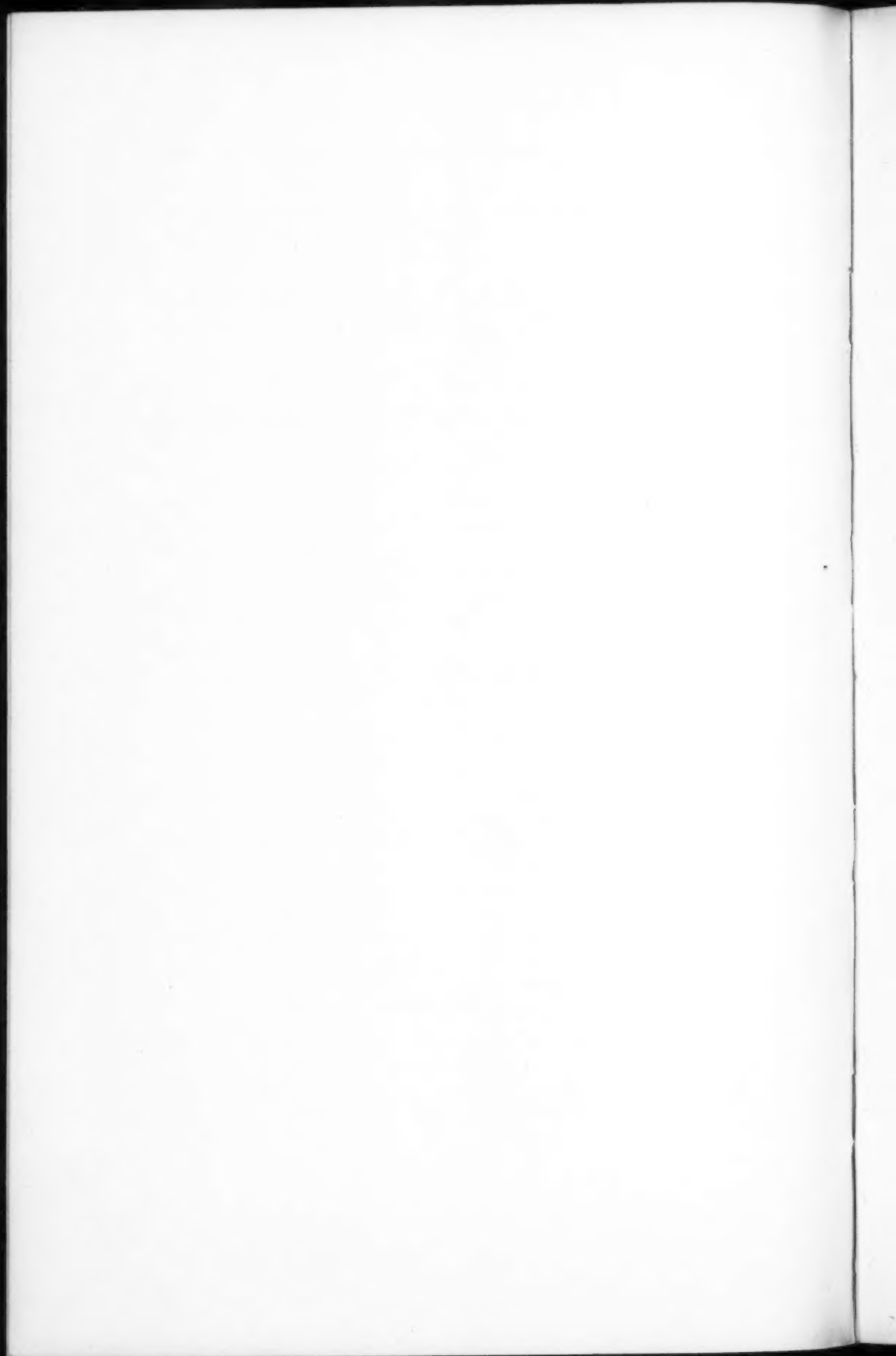
⁹ A John Cromwell of Malmesbury, whose wife Millicent died 23 May 1656, is not accounted for. He may have been a son of John Cromwell (d. 1639), but this is merely conjecture. A John Cromwell died at Great Somerford, Wilts, in Dec. 1669.

CROMWELL ENTRIES IN MALMESBURY ABBEY CHURCH
REGISTERS:

- 1634: Baptized the 11th of July John Crumwell ye son of Phillip and Margaratt Crumwell.
Buried the 15th of July Margaret Crumwell the wife of Phillippe Crumwell
Buried the last of July John Crumwell the son of Phillip and Margaret Crumwell.
Married the same 22^d day of January in the morninge about nyne of the clock Phillip Crumwell and Elnor Cooper.
- 1635: Baptized XXVIth of June John Crumwell sonne of Philipp and Eleanor Crumwell.
- 1637: Baptized the 9th July 1637 Idith Crumwell the daughter of Philip and Eleanor Crumwell.
- 1639: Buryed the 27th of December John Crumwell of this Towne, one of ye Chiefe Burgesses.
- 1641/2: Baptized the XXIIIth of Januarie Mary the daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Crumwell.
- 1642: Buryed Edith Crumwell the dr. of Ellinor Crumwell the 27th of May 1642.
Buryed the Xth of December 1642 Martha Baynam the sister of Richard Crumwell's wife
- 1643/4: Baptized the VIIIth of Januarie 1643 Edith Crumwell daughter of Thomas and Anne Crumwell
Buryed the second of Februarie Edith Crumwell ye dr. of Thomas & Anne Crumwell of this Towne.
- 1645: Baptized the 16th of September Thomas the sonne of Thomas and Anne Cromwell of this Towne
- 1646/7: Baptized 18th Martii Agnis the dr. of Thomas & Agnis [*sic!*] Crumwell of this Towne
- 1649: Baptized the 4th Julye 1649 Jane Crumwell the daughter of Thomas and Anne Crumwell
- 1651: Baptized the 18 July 1651 . . . the dr. of Thomas and Anne Crumwell.
- 1656: Milicent the wife of John Crumwell of Malmesbury deceased May 23 & was buried May 25 1656.

CROMWELL EXTRACTS FROM REGISTERS OF GREAT SOMERFORD,
WILTS, (*taken from the Bishop's Transcripts, at Salisbury
Registrar's Office*)

- 1605: Baptized William son of John Cromwell 20 Oct. 1605
1619: Baptized Mary daughter of Richard Cromwell 4 May
1619
1620: Baptized Mary daughter of Richard Cromwell I Jany
1620/1
Buried Richard son of Richard Cromwell 24 June
1620.
1669: Buried John Cromwell 10 Dec. 1669
1700: Richard Freeth & Ann Cromwell married 24 June
1700.
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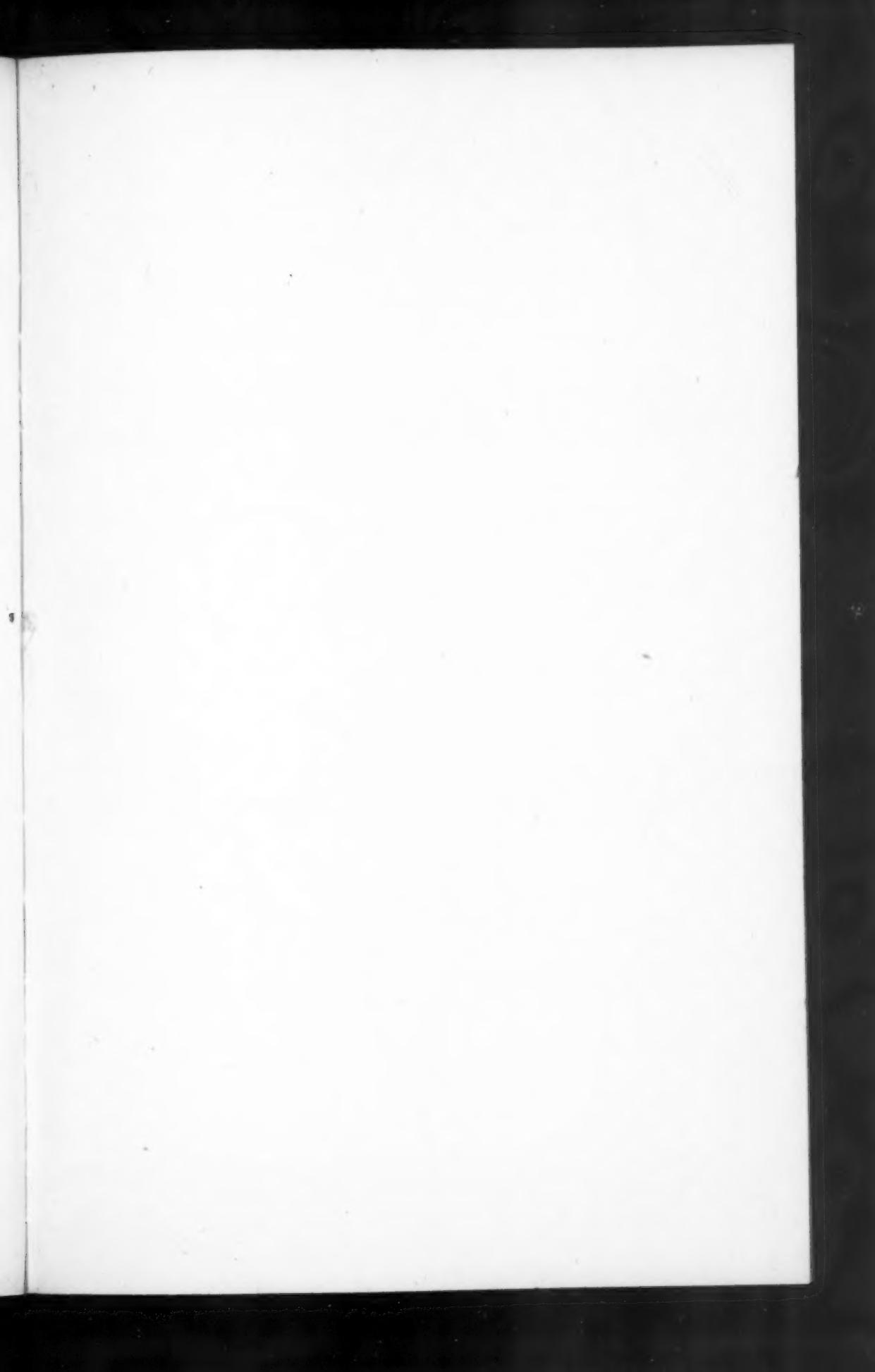
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VOLUME XXXVII

This volume is now ready for distribution and is a continuation of the Proceedings of the General Assembly. It includes the Journals and Acts of the sessions held from May, 1730 to August, 1732, and is edited by Bernard C. Steiner, Ph. D. The recent recovery of the manuscript volumes of Laws from 1711 to 1776, enables the editor to print, for the first time, the private laws passed at these sessions. The printed Session Laws included only the public laws. A few miscellaneous documents relating to the period covered by the volume are printed as an appendix. The two indices formerly compiled have been replaced by a consolidated one, which makes search for any subject easier. The early part of this volume covers the latter part of the gubernatorial administration of that pathetic scholar, Benedict Leonard Calvert, brother of Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore; and the latter portion of the book treats of the beginning of the long governorship of Samuel Ogle. The tobacco industry was in a languishing condition and considerable attention was given it, in the hope of securing better prices for Maryland tobacco. The long-drawn-out discussion over the proper form of the oath to be taken by judges finally resulted in a compromise between Proprietary and Provincials as to such wording. The condition and treatment of insolvent debtors continued to be a blot upon the record of the Province and a considerable number of private acts were passed for the relief of some of these unfortunate men. An assize bill, regulating proceedings of the County Courts, was passed. A long-standing attempt to authorize the issue of bills of credit finally succeeded and the paper money was guarded by such a sinking fund as to be fully redeemed when it was due. Manufactures of iron and linen were encouraged. An unsuccessful effort was made to have the militia receive more efficient training. Several towns, among them Salisbury, were incorporated, and the Church for St. Paul's Parish in Baltimore County was removed from Colgate's Creek to Baltimore Town. Defects in the title of certain tracts of land were cured and the "preservation of the breed of wild deer" received attention from the legislators. Especial features of interest are the Journal of the Committee of Accounts for 1730, showing the details of the Provincial expenses, and the yea and nay votes recorded in the Proceedings of the Session of 1732, from which we learn how the members of the Lower House voted in any division upon questions coming before them for determination.

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THE CROMWELL FAMILY. <i>Francis B. Culver</i> , - - - -	386

The peculiar make-up of this issue of the *Magazine* is due to the proposed suspension of publication during the War, which would have left several contributions uncompleted. In future issues it is hoped to exploit many of the valuable manuscripts now in the collections of the Society, as well as a number of interesting original contributions, now in hand or in preparation.

Mr. Richard Henry Spencer desires to complete the muster roll of the celebrated Pulaski's Legion and requests that any descendants of those who served in the Legion send the record of such service to him in care of the Maryland Historical Society.

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